

THE ATHENÆUM

AND

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MODERN GREECE.*

The author of these works is a Fanariot Greek. He was born in 1778, at Constantinople, and from his twentieth year has been employed in various official situations of considerable importance, sometimes under the *Hospodars* in the principalities, sometimes by the Turkish Government in the capital. He seems to have been through life a sedulous cultivator of literature, and to have distinguished himself honourably, while in power, by his zeal for the improvement of his countrymen. At the breaking out of the attempt of Ypsilanti in 1821, he took refuge near Odessa, together with the prince Michael Soutzo, Hospodar of Moldavia, whose first Minister he then was, and, from that time until lately, he has lived in Christendom. He accompanied the Count Capodistrias to Greece, when that personage went to take possession of the Government.

The 'History of Modern Greek Literature,' is a feeble performance, though, we fear, fully worthy of its subject. It establishes very little in favour of the modern Greeks, except that they have shown some desire to become wise. We must be excused for hinting that the way to succeed is not by writing tragedies about Aspasia, in which the *unities* are perfectly observed, nor by translating poor Goldsmith's historical achievements. The book before us gives unhappily considerable evidence of the degree to which the most intelligent of the Greeks have been injured by the study of second-rate French authors. In the first half-dozen pages we find abundance of such follies as the assertion that the *predecessors of Homer* were true citizens of Greece, who eulogised her in their poems, mingled her dialects, and thereby inspired her tribes with an attachment to her as to their one common country; and again vague generalities which are proved to be nonsense the moment they are applied to any particular case; such as 'Unjust wars are characteristic of degraded nations,' (though no nation ever existed which did not wage unjust wars,) and the kindred assertion that the equality of civil rights is the mother of genius, which follows a eulogy on Homer, as if Greece in the days of the Iliad had been a panti socratic republic. M. Rizo, moreover, seems utterly unaware that any one has ever questioned, that many people have disproved, the *uni-personality* of Homer. In the after portion of the work there are fewer of these blemishes; and it really communicates a good deal of information with regard to the modern authors of Greece. But it is a sterile and ungrateful subject, and nothing of any interest can be said about it until the mind of the country shall have been strengthened and re-animated by national independence.

The steps which Greece has made towards that end are described in the second work named above, and of it we shall attempt to furnish a hasty abstract.

It is obvious that, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the absence of all those civil institutions which could have held the Greeks together, and given them something of

the character of a state, there was no bond of unity remaining but the national religion. Without this, they would have become as mere a herd as the negroes in the West Indies; and the planters are more prudent than they themselves probably can be aware of, in opposing the conversion of the slaves. It is religion which has kept together the Irish as a nation, separate from England. It is this which saved the Hindoos from being mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to their Mohammedan conquerors. The Romans destroyed the ancient faith and rites of England; and we consequently sank into a chaos of atoms, without any principle either of union or resistance, and were incapable of existing for a generation without foreign support. And, to this hour, the bond of the Old Law is around the Jews, and keeps them a peculiar and united people, when, to outward view, they are merely so many scattered fragments. The considerations of policy, which probably prevailed with the Turks to make them maintain the Greek Church, are thus stated by the author before us:

'The Musulmans,—being prevented by the Koran from forcing into Islamism those who pay the annual capitation, being obliged to have serfs for the cultivation of the soil, and hoping to draw towards themselves the Greek subjects of the Latins, by tolerating their religion, and by not tolerating any other Christian sect,—determined to follow out in this respect the views of Mahomet II. The constant object of the Ottoman dynasty was to rule, to subdue, and to keep by the sword. When they gave in the person of the Patriarch a head to the whole Greek nation, the Sultans knew that this head, over which their scymitar was always trembling, could only speak for the purpose of enforcing religious liberty and civil slavery. Moreover, they had subjected to the patriarchal throne of Constantinople, not only the dioceses of all the Greek provinces and islands, but also those of Asia Minor, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Albania, Wallachia, the Crimea, and Moldavia. This system, tending to secure the fidelity of the Greeks, under the guarantee of their religion, was so scrupulously observed by the first successors of Mahomet II., that Jeremiah, Patriarch of Constantinople, obtained official permission from the Ottoman Porte, to go in person to Russia, with two Archbishops of his Synod, or council, for the purpose of complying with the formal invitation of the Russian clergy, by consecrating their patriarch, in the reign of the Czar Alexis Michaelovitz. The Sultans perceived that the more the influence of the Patriarch of Constantinople over the other episcopal thrones, even those independent of their civil power, could be increased, the greater would be their own ascendancy over all the nations, the chief of whose religion was their own subservient vassal.'—*Pp. 37, 38.*

We confess it seems to us more probable that the policy of the Porte merely tended to prevent its own subjects from looking habitually to any foreign country as to the centre of their faith,—a policy founded on those very considerations which have persuaded so many statesmen that there are political evils in Popery, which nothing can entirely get rid of, and nothing but emancipation can palliate. But for us the important point is not to show why the Greek Church was patronised by Turkey, but to remark the degree in which it has operated towards preserving the Greeks a nation.

The other great means for the maintenance of a spirit of independence and national union, was the establishment of Greek militia leaders, called

* 1. *Cours de Littérature Grecque Moderne*, donné à Genève. Par Jacoby Rizo Neroulos, ancien Premier Ministre des Hospodars Grecs de Valachie et de Moldavia. Seconde Edition. Genève, 1828.—2. *Histoire Moderne de la Grèce, depuis la Chute de l'Empire d'Orient*. Par Jacoby Rizo Neroulos, &c., Genève, 1828.

by the Turks *armatoles*, or *gensdarmes*, and by the Greeks *capitani*, or captains, while their soldiers were denominated *pallikars*, or brave men. Their existence in the mountain districts was authorised by the Turkish Government, which found it impossible to preserve even a rude approach to order after any other fashion. There were also many unauthorised bands of Klephes, whom M. Rizo seems very unwilling to call robbers.

The Greeks had, besides, the immense advantage and security, that they filled several of the offices of greatest trust in the Empire. This, of course, was not likely to be so much the case at first; and, in fact, it was not until about the middle of the 17th century that the Porte began to employ Greek dragomans. Their superior intelligence, activity, and knowledge of business and of languages, gradually threw more and more of power into their hands. The whole labour of diplomacy was soon assigned to them; and they obtained the exclusive privilege of being made Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia.

The Greeks, on the whole, were in a very different situation from that of domestic slaves. The Timarior and Spahi feudatories received a certain portion of the produce of the soil, but otherwise had no legal rights over either the persons or properties of the people. The Christians, as a mark of their servitude, paid universally a capitulation tax, from which the Musulmans are free. These persons, the Christians, or *rayas*, had the privilege of forming themselves into certain municipal bodies, which, though governed by the local Turkish authorities, were also ruled and protected by officers or *notables* of their own, at the head of whom was a bishop or archbishop. These ecclesiastics, in the parts of the country where many of the Mohammedans were settled, had appropriated to themselves all the influence to the exclusion of the lay Christians.

The degrees of actual oppression on the part of the Moslem were very different. In the more mountainous regions, and in many of the islands, no Turks were to be found. The Cyclades and Sporades were free from their presence by articles in their original capitulation. The mountaineers, however, suffered from frequent wars between them and the neighbouring Pashas; the islands, from constant exactions. And in other parts of Greece, where a large portion of the population was Musulman, and every Musulman was a tyrant, it will readily be conceived that the condition of the Greeks was one of the utmost misery and horror.

Such, as clearly as we can explain it in our limited space, was the situation of the Greeks. There was in it abundance of evil to urge them towards a national regeneration. But it was not until the reign of Catherine II. that they appeared to conceive any hopes of freedom. The first dawn of modern Greek literature was nearly contemporary with that brilliant war begun by Mustapha III., and seven hundred thousand Mohammedan soldiers, for the purpose of destroying the Russian Empire, but which gave occasion for the burning of his fleet, the ruin of his army, and the encouragement of the hopes of the Greeks by the ambitious intrigues of Catherine. But the Peloponnesus was laid waste by hordes of Albanians; and a peace between Russia and Turkey, disgraceful to the latter Power, but, for the time, ruinous to Greece, was signed in 1774, at Kainardza in Bulgaria. Yet, although this peace put

an end to the hope of an immediate liberation, its results were full of promise for Greece. The Russian Consuls and Vice-Consuls became in some degree its protectors, and secured its commerce; while the catastrophe of the Ottoman fleet at Chesme had proved the necessity for better sailors than the cross-legged and equestrian Turks, and made the inhabitants of the Greek Islands valuable and interesting to the Porte. Mavrojeny, so conspicuous a character in that magnificent creation 'Anastasius,' was appointed Hospodar of Wallachia; and this was but an evidence of the favourable feeling of the Court towards all the Islanders,—of whom he was one.

In 1783, Turkey consented to yield the Crimea to Russia: three years afterwards, it went to war for the Crimea. M. Rizo gives a curious account (pp. 99—101) of the ministerial intrigue which produced this war. Its consequences were the defeat of the Turks, and an insurrection of the Greeks, which proved nothing but their courage by sea and land, and their want of means to make that courage effectual. The revolt of the Servians, and their betrayal by Austria, exhibited also the detestable and disgusting spirit of a Court to which mankind will not forget the death of Riga and the dungeon of Ypsilanti. It was in 1798, amid the internal disorders of the reign of Selim, that the former of these celebrated, patriotic, and unfortunate men was given up by Austria to the sword of a Turkish executioner.

As the central Government fell into disorder, the Pashas of the provinces gained in importance. They were, in general, cruel and rapacious men; and an anecdote told by the author before us may serve as a specimen of the conduct of them all:

'The Pasha of Widdin, Hafiz-Aly, having beaten some Mohammedan rebels, enclosed their heads in a sack, that he might send them to the Sultan, together with a letter. His secretary happened to mention in the epistle a greater number of heads than were really forthcoming. He was therefore about to make another copy of the paper, when the Pasha bethought himself of an easier way of remedying the error, and ordered his officers to traverse the streets, and kill a sufficient number of persons to make the account right. Accordingly, forty Christians lost their lives on the instant.'—P. 147.

Of these rulers, Ali Pasha of Jannina is the most celebrated. At the period of the French attack on Egypt, (1799), a triple alliance of the Turks, Russians, and English, was formed against France. The treaty surrendered to Turkey four flourishing Greek towns, which had enjoyed independence of the Porte for five hundred years. Ali Pasha was the agent of the Porte in the execution of this atrocity. He first attacked Prevesa, took it by assault, massacred half the inhabitants, and sold the remainder to slavery. Butrinto and Vonitza surrendered. Parga successfully resisted,—to be made the scene of a later tragedy. He then attacked the noble Suliots; and, after a desperate resistance of many years against forces of twenty times their numbers, they were compelled to yield under a treaty which enabled them to fight their way to Corfu. He next sought to destroy the *armatoles*, or irregular militia, amounting to about ten thousand men, of the province of Chimaera, to the north of Epirus, but failed in the attack, and thereupon entered into alliance with them, and endeavoured to make use of them to destroy the minor Turkish chieftains of Albania.

The Egyptian expedition of Napoleon prevented the execution of a great plan which France had formed for the liberation of Greece, or at least for a transference of its servitude. Nevertheless, the commerce and general prosperity of the Greeks increased. Russia and England attacked the Porte in 1806, when the influence of Sebastiani, and the power of Napoleon, had given its policy a French direction. At the same time, Selim's changes in the Ottoman discipline excited a rebellion, and he was driven from the throne; and another rebellion, immediately following, made the present sovereign Sultan. Shortly after his accession, in spite of his vigorous

and determined character, the Turks sustained a desperate defeat, and were only saved from further ruin by the French invasion of Russia. It was the great peculiarity of his Government, that it was directed chiefly towards getting rid of the powerful leaders whose conspiracy had placed him on the throne, and in this he completely succeeded.

The most striking external event of his reign has been the revolt of his Christian subjects. This began in Moldavia and Wallachia, and of them, following the plan of our author, we will now say a few words. These provinces submitted to the Turks by treaty in the middle of the 16th century. They obtained the privilege of being governed by native Hospodars, and of paying a fixed tribute instead of being subject to the general financial arrangements of the Ottoman Empire. But at the same time the condition of the people,—that great majority of the community whom historians usually make so little account of,—was the most wretchedly and hopelessly abject. They were, in fact, mere slaves to the Boyards, like the beasts that perish. The Provinces were, moreover, subject to perpetual incursions and ravages by the Mussulman garrisons of the surrounding fortresses; and the commanders of these strong places could any of them, at any time, by a representation to the Porte, and a petition from half a dozen Boyards, procure the desecration, or even death, of the Hospodars, and the confiscation of their property. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Hospodars began to be selected from among the Greeks of the Fanal; and under their influence instruction was, to a certain extent, introduced into these rude and ignorant countries, and Wallachia and Moldavia assumed a more Grecian aspect. They also attempted to encourage the commerce and agriculture, and to protect the lower classes against the tyranny of the aristocracy. But Turkish merchants obtained monopolies in every department of trade: and severe corvées, with a hundred other remains of feudalism, weighed down the peasantry, prevented improved cultivation, and threw the whole burthen of taxation on the shoulders least able to bear it. However, intelligence and knowledge, and a taste for Greek accomplishments, became fashionable and general, while identity of religion united the Greeks and the people of the Provinces by the closest of all sympathies.

Our next Number will contain an abstract of the remaining part of M. Rizo's History, which treats of the Greek Revolution. K.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. Vol. III. 8vo. Pp. 276. Colburn. London, 1828.

The second part of the third volume opens with an account of General Mallet's conspiracy. During Napoleon's absence in Russia, this singular man, whose head, according to M. Savary, had been turned by reading about Mucius and Cocles, conceived the idea of overturning the Imperial Government.

The details of this enterprise are very curious; but, if we were to commence extracting it, we should not know where to stop. We commend it, therefore, to our readers, as a very striking instance of the length to which a conspiracy may be carried in the best-policed and the best-garrisoned capital of Europe.

The particulars of the Russian campaign are so well known to our readers, through the medium of Count Segur's book, that the accounts of it which are furnished by a Parisian Police Minister, are not likely to be very novel or interesting. The same may be said of the Spanish campaign; and these subjects occupy the greatest part of the book. Our duty, therefore, is not very burdensome: we shall select at random the most entertaining passages. There is a great deal which is amusing and characteristic about Talleyrand.

The following interview between him and the Emperor, shortly after the battle of Leipzig, is very amusing. The idea of raising the Duke of Wellington to the throne of England was worthy of the first of European diplomats and projectors. If the proposition had been made, it is curious to speculate on the terms in which the Duke's answer would have been couched. Would he have said that he should be a 'madman' to entertain such a thought? by what stronger phrase would he have expressed his abhorrence of it?

'I perceived the danger on all sides so pressing, and at the same time so few efforts made to overcome it, that I determined to speak on the subject to the Emperor.'

'He himself furnished me with an opportunity after a levy at St. Cloud. He asked my opinion on the state of affairs. I answered, that they could not be worse, and, what was more, that the intentions of the Allies were evident, that they could not be misunderstood, and that they had resolved upon his ruin. "You believe so?" said he earnestly.—"I know it, Sire. Your Majesty is necessary to the repose of Europe; but the passions do not look to the future. Whatever gives them present gratification is good; provided they are satisfied, it matters little what happens after. Assuredly Austria ought not to take part in these plots; but Metternich knows on what conditions he has bargained with England, and he also knows that you cannot remain ignorant of the compact. It is, therefore, his own throne that he is defending, and for his own power that he is struggling. He will carry every thing to extremities, if your Majesty do not hasten to prevent him." The Emperor listened as if he expected that I should state some remedy. I added, "There is but one, Sire." There is an assemblage of diplomats with their conventional arguments and traditional forms. We must employ one of their own sort against them."—"M. de Talleyrand?"—"Yes, Sire. Then you will have the same logic, the same morals, the same religion; you cannot do better."—"But the Duke de Bassano?"

"The Duke de Bassano is entirely devoted to you; but he belongs to another school." Here the Emperor interrupted me, and proceeded to eulogise the good qualities of the Duke.—"I know," said I, "all that your Majesty has done me the honour to tell me; and it is because I do know it that I advise the choice that I have suggested." He now understood me clearly, and ordered me to go immediately to Paris, and bring M. de Talleyrand to him. I got into my carriage, and drove off to execute the commission with which I was charged; but apparently what I said to the Emperor had made a considerable impression on his mind: for, while I was with the Prince of Benevento, a page arrived bringing him an invitation to St. Cloud.

I was persuaded that M. de Talleyrand was about to become minister; but, on my return to St. Cloud in the evening, I learned from the Emperor himself the turn which the affair had taken. He had approved very much of all that M. de Talleyrand suggested, and, after a long conversation, proposed to him to take the direction of our foreign affairs, on condition, however, that he should resign his office of vice-grand-elector. M. de Talleyrand was willing to accept of the ministry of foreign affairs, but would not agree to the required resignation. He observed, that to diminish his consideration, on giving him a place to which he was recalled at a moment when it was more difficult than ever to discharge its duties, was to deprive him of a means of usefulness. He therefore hesitated, and the Emperor came to no conclusion.

The conversation, however, continued. M. de Talleyrand, who knew the object which had been aimed at by all the preceding coalitions, was not deceived respecting the views of the present. He related to me that he said to the Emperor, "Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by successively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time; treating at their expense, and at hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recall fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe."

"There are, however, among them different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion."

"The Emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued—"There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is

natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or at least, that, by showing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient number of adventurous men to run the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might bring about changes which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that, your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing solid except with new men connected from the beginning with the conservation of your system."

"The Emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, "Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired."

"The Emperor did not adopt these suggestions. He observed, that before helping the ambition of others, it was fit that he should be in a condition to make himself respected in his Government, and added that at the present moment he could give his attention to nothing else. M. de Talleyrand, however, told me that the Emperor appeared much impressed with what he had stated. He indeed expected that the Emperor would have again spoken to him on the subject."

"M. de Talleyrand has been blamed for not making, on such an occasion, the sacrifice required of him. His having made conditions when the exertion of his talents was so much wanted, has been much condemned. It is always easy to blame; but in this case the blame was not merited. M. de Talleyrand knew his situation. He suspected that the same enmity which had long pursued him, would soon procure his removal. In that case, if also no longer vice-grand-elector, he would have been reduced to a very destitute situation; for he had suffered greatly by a bankruptcy which took place in the preceding year."—Pp. 151—154.

Our readers will be pleased to hear La Harpe's opinion of Alexander. As that celebrated Frenchman appears to have been an honest man, we must try to forget that he wrote the worst book on literature extant in any language—even his own.

"M. de La Harpe called upon me, and we had a long conversation together respecting Russia and his pupil. I did not disguise from him my opinion that he would see him on his way through Troyes, where the Emperor would probably be on his arrival. I told him that the character of the war seemed to have reserved a splendid fate for the Emperor Alexander to act, and presented him with an opportunity of offering peace, on terms as generous as those he had himself received at Tilsit, when his affairs were in a desperate condition. He could not be ignorant that peace was anxiously desired by the country he had inundated with his soldiers; and none but a madman could suppose the Emperor Napoleon to be indifferent to the termination of the war. He, no doubt, mistrusted the language which the hostile armies had sent forth previously to making their appearance; but I, who was well aware of the sincerity of his desire to make peace, could only draw the worst inference from the unfriendly reception given to the Duke of Vicenza, since Europe had not forgotten the manner in which the Emperor acted towards Alexander, when the latter, having crossed the Niemen after the battle of Friedland, found himself under the necessity of suing for peace.

"I told M. de La Harpe, amongst other things, that, although I sincerely hoped I was mistaken, I could not but think that the Emperor Alexander had banished all generosity from his heart; that he had again adopted the views he entertained in 1805, when he took the lead in the aggression of which we had well nigh been the victims; and, although he appeared to me to have frankly renounced them after the peace of Tilsit, there was reason to apprehend his having again returned to them. I added, that, previously to engaging in the war of 1812, the Emperor Napoleon had never ceased to declare to the Emperor Alexander the desire which he felt of keeping up the harmony established between them; and, in the situation in which the course of events had now brought him, he would assuredly not be the person likely to throw any obstacle in the way of an accommodation."

"M. de La Harpe repelled the suspicion as deroga-

tory to the Emperor Alexander's character. He frankly spoke his sentiments on the subject, and must have made some serious reflections on the conversation we had together after the events had verified my conjectures."—Pp. 196, 197.

The following statement, relative to the feelings of the French in favour of the Bourbons, in January, 1814, needs no comment. It was in March that the restoration took place!

"Lord Castlereagh, the British Minister, had scarcely quitted England to repair to the allied army, when the Princes of the house of Bourbon began to set themselves in motion. The Count d'Artois followed the same road as Lord Castlereagh, and came as far as Vesoul in Franche-Comté; the Duke d'Angoulême, his eldest son, proceeded by sea to join the headquarters of the Marquis of Wellington, who was at St. Jean de Luz, in the neighbourhood of Bayonne; and the Duke de Berry, his second son, came to the island of Jersey, which is near the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. The presence of these Princes on the French territory gave rise to profound meditations respecting the enemy's views, and afforded likewise a proof of the determination taken not to yield to the entreaties of our foes, by altering our Government at their bidding.

"Each of the Princes was attended by one or two French emigrants, who endeavoured to raise for them a party, and to rekindle in the mind of the French people their old attachment for the house of Bourbon; but their efforts were unsuccessful, as the following details will not fail to prove.

"They had so few partisans in France, that every one was secretly injuring their cause. M. de Talleyrand himself was one of the most eager to acquaint me with what information he had acquired on the subject of the individuals of the Count d'Artois's suite, and of the stir making by the Marquis de La Salle, who had been banished to Châtillon-sur-Seine; from whence he was overrunning the province of Burgundy with the view to create a general rising.

"I had succeeded in having an agent very near the person of the Duke d'Angoulême, and obtained correct information of every report he addressed to the King; they were by no means of a satisfactory nature, and held out very slender hopes of success to their cause. The Emperor was made acquainted with this state of things, and he no doubt caused explanation to be demanded at Châtillon respecting a conduct which was calculated to raise doubts on the expressions put forth of a desire to conclude peace. It appears that his demand was not unattended to; since he received for reply, that the Allies had signified to the Princes of the house of Bourbon the order to withdraw. These underhand practices proved detrimental to the cause of the Allies: their intentions were seen through; the confidence hitherto placed in their peaceful language vanished; and there is no doubt that if the Emperor had obtained the least success, had some longer time been allowed him, he would have roused the national energies, now that the people began to see through the enemy's deceitful proceedings."—Pp. 204, 205.

The volume ends with the meeting of the council to discuss the propriety of receiving Napoleon's abdication. Before the curtain falls, M. Savary brings forward that celebrated actor M. Talleyrand, who makes the following excellent tragedie-speech:

"On quitting the palace of the Tuilleries, M. de Talleyrand came up and addressed me in these words—'Well,' said he, "thus ends all this business. Are you not also of the opinion of the council? It must be owned we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands. Such is the consequence of the folly of some ignorant men, who persevere in exercising from day to day a fatal influence. The Emperor is really much to be pitied; and yet this will not be the case, for he is very unreasonable in so obstinately confiding in the people who beset him: it is a mere act of weakness, which is quite unaccountable in such a man. Consider, sir, what a downfall for the pages of history to record! He should have given his name to the age he lives in, instead of which it will only stand conspicuous in the catalogue of adventurers! I am deeply mortified at the bare idea. What course are we now to adopt? It is not the duty of every one to remain under this edifice now crumbling to ruins: however, we shall see what will happen. The Emperor would have done much better to spare me his insults, and to form a more correct estimate of those who instilled prejudices into his mind. He would have discovered that such friends as the latter are much more to be

dreaded than open enemies. What would he have said of any one else who might have involved himself in the like difficulties?"—Pp. 256, 257.

MEMORIALS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Memorials of Shakespeare; or Sketches of his Character and Genius. By Various Writers. Now first collected. With a Prefatory and Concluding Notice. By Nathan Drake, M.D. Colburn. London, 1828.

(Second Notice.)

We noticed this work on its first appearance; but it merits a much longer consideration than we were then able, or shall now be able, to bestow upon it. We then did ample justice to Dr. Drake, both in our remarks and our extracts, and we are sure, therefore, that he will be better pleased if, on this occasion, we turn away from him—the officiating priest—to the illustrious group of worshippers whom he has collected around him, and who, each in the costume of his nation and tribe, have come to present their oblations at the same altar.

But first we must offer our deep and hearty thanks to Dr. Drake, for the proper care he has used in keeping intruders out of the temple. One or two faces, indeed, we discover amidst the party which he has admitted, who did not seem to us to wear the proper sacrificial vestments, and whom we should have been inclined to subject to a little preparatory probation; but, on the whole, the compiler of the 'Memorials' has acted, in this respect, with admirable firmness and propriety. There is no cold, hard, critical, eighteenth-century visage, among the whole multitude. In vain Rowe begged to be allowed to communicate a few facts respecting the man whose works he had dared to edit, and especially to mention the circumstance, so highly to his honour, that, when he retired to Stratford, he was thought worthy of occasional visits from the country gentlemen in his neighbourhood.* In vain Pope prayed to be admitted, on the score of having marked all the fine passages in the plays, that young ladies might know where to weep and where to laugh. In vain Addison asserts that he acknowledged Shakespeare could describe ghosts, though he could not write a 'regular drama.' In vain Farmer entreated permission to prove what a very clever man Shakespeare was, by making out that he was ignorant of letters. In vain Johnson growls out the discovery, that Shakespeare described nothing but species. Dr. Drake is inexorable—they have not the credentials—even as they come, so must they go.

And what then are the men who have been admitted into the throng of Shakespeare's eulogists? We will signify the names and armorial bearings of each of them, as they severally pass before us.

Who is this that marches in the front of the group, with a forehead in which is united the well-compacted and towering strength of philosophy with the dome-like sweep of poetry, whose eyes are of so soft and deep a power, whose lips pour around them such a flood of varied music, the accompaniment of more fancy and more thought than would have furnished forth the whole eighteenth century? That, reader, is SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. We will not detain you one moment from his own words—'Quæ (to borrow his own quotation about Wordsworth) quæ quoties audimus, non verba, sed tonitrua, audire videmur'—to remark how singularly, above all men of his own age or any preceding one, he was born to be the critic on Shakespeare,—how, in him, the reflective and analytical faculty is the pillar of that creative power of which it is usually the destroyer—he thus sharing the most marvellous quality of Shakespeare's own genius,—how astonishingly he is gifted with the power of seizing that inward sense which constitutes the life of a passage, and which always escapes in the critical distillations,—how he sees the connection of every fragment of an au-

* See Rowe's 'Preface to Shakespeare.'

'hor's mind with every other fragment of it, and with the whole,—how—but let us hear him speak. The following is from a discourse on Method, which Dr. Drake quotes from the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' but which every one will recognise as proceeding from the author of the third volume of 'The Friend.'

"His information," says Professor Wilde, "was great and extensive, and his reading as great as his knowledge of languages could reach. Considering the bar which his education and circumstances placed in his way, he had done as much to acquire knowledge as even Milton. A thousand instances might be given of the intimate knowledge that Shakspeare had of facts. I shall mention only one. I do not say that he gives a good account of the Salic law, though a much worse has been given by many antiquaries. But he who reads the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech in 'Henry the Fifth,' and who shall afterwards say that Shakspeare was not a man of great reading and information, and who loved the thing itself, is a person whose opinion I would not ask or trust upon any matter of investigation." Then, was all this reading, all this information, all this knowledge of our great dramatist, a mere *rudis indigestaque moles*? Very far from it. Method, we have seen, demands a knowledge of the relations which things bear to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehensions of the hearers. In all and each of these was Shakspeare so deeply versed, that in the personages of a play, he seems "to mould his mind as some incorporeal material alternately into all their various forms." In every one of his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature. Every where we find individuality; no where mere portrait. The excellence of his productions consists in a happy union of the universal with the particular. But the universal is an *idea*. Shakspeare, therefore, studied mankind in the *idea* of the human race; and he followed out that idea into all its varieties by a method which never failed to guide his steps aright. Let us appeal to him, to illustrate by example the difference between a sterile and an exuberant mind, in respect to what we have ventured to call the science of method. On the one hand, observe Mrs. Quickeley's relation of the circumstances of Sir John Falstaff's debt. On the other hand, consider the narration given by Hamlet to Horatio, of the occurrences during his proposed transportation to England, and the events that interrupted his voyage.

If, overlooking the different value of the matter in these two narrations, we consider only the form, it must be confessed that both are *immETHODICAL*. We have asserted that method results from balance between the passive impression received from outward things, and the internal activity of the mind in reflecting and generalising; but neither Hamlet nor the Hostess holds this balance accurately. In Mrs. Quickeley, the memory alone is called into action; the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all her pauses, and constitute most of her connexions. But when we look to the Prince of Denmark's recital, the case is widely different. Here the events, with the circumstances of time and place, are all stated with equal compression and rapidity: not one introduced which could have been omitted without injury to the intelligibility of the whole process. If any tendency is discoverable, as far as the mere facts are in question, it is to omission; and accordingly the reader will observe that the attention of the narrator is called back to one material circumstance, which he was hurrying by, by a direct question from the friend (How was this sealed?) to whom the history is communicated. But by a trait which is indeed peculiarly characteristic of Hamlet's mind, ever disposed to generalise, and meditative to excess, all the digressions and enlargements consist of reflections, truths, and principles of general and permanent interest, either directly expressed or disguised in playful satire.

Instances of the want of generalisation are of no rare occurrence; and the narration of Shakspeare's Hostess differs from those of the ignorant and unthinking in ordinary life, only by its superior humour, the poet's own gift and infusion, not by its want of method, which is not greater than we often meet with in that class of minds of which she is the dramatic representative. Nor will the excess of generalisation and reflection have escaped our observation in real life, though the great poet has more conveniently supplied the illustrations. In attending too exclusively to the rela-

tions which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth, and the moods of his own mind, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation, in which they are likewise to be placed, to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue. But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks *all* mental relations, and consequently precludes all method that is not purely accidental. Hence,—the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration; and this from the absence of any leading thought in the narrator's own mind. On the contrary, where the habit of method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance, are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected. But, while we would impress the necessity of this habit, the illustrations adduced give proof that in undue preponderance, and when the prerogative of the mind is stretched into despotism, the discourse may degenerate into the wayward or the fantastical.—Pp. 147—151.

Next to Coleridge, upon our list, comes THOMAS CAMPBELL. Cruel Dr. Nathan Drake!—Why will you expose a clever and amiable man, who has written such a pretty poem about 'Gertrude,' and is so good an editor of 'The New Monthly Magazine,' to such a comparison? We will not be accessories to such an act of barbarity; but, contenting ourselves with simply protesting against one assertion of Mr. Campbell,—that 'it is very easy to excel in praising Shakspeare,' but very difficult to say any thing good about his imperfections; which assertion we believe to be exactly the reverse of the truth,—we will pass on. The following paper, in Dr. Drake's book, is a clever but not a very satisfactory one, from 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.' It is, perhaps, from the pen of the present able and poetical editor of 'The Quarterly Review'; but, if so, he has written far better things in the same work. We have not much time, and we must therefore merely proceed to notice FREDERICK SCHLÉGEL by a nod; for his more illustrious brother (at least we are bound in honour and gratitude to consider him so) is expecting us. But, no! we are mistaken—a lady has thrust herself between her friends, the two Germans; and who, though he were out of breath with haste, could pass unnoticed MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN?

But this cleverest of woman-kind has little to say upon this subject which we care to hear. This is not, we rejoice to think, because women are incapable of appreciating Shakspeare; there are women, we are full certain, who know much more of him than ninety-nine hundredths of his readers, and than all his commentators. Madame De Staël, we believe, knows nothing of him. What could not she even appreciate 'Romeo and Juliet'? Perhaps a few passages; but, unquestionably, not the entire play. Juliet and Corinne—think for a moment! And Corinne was Madame De Staël's one idea of a woman in love. We may now proceed to our conversation with AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLÉGEL. To speak of his merits would be superfluous, every one knows them; to allude to what he has done for our poet, equally so; every one feels that, as far as his influence has extended, he has raised a mere taste for Shakspeare into at once a passion and a study; that it is he, in conjunction with Coleridge, who has laughed to scorn the nonsense about irregular genius, and has proved that the first of poets must be, of course, the first of philosophers; that it is he, lastly, who has raised him in our estimation from that vulgarest of all things, a national poet—a twin brother of the sirloin—into a universal poet—a companion of angels and gods. Yet we have something to say even against him. He avers that he can prove that, with the exception of a few plays of wit now become unintelligible, or foreign to the public taste, (imitations of the tone of society of that day,) nothing could be taken away from 'Romeo and Juliet,' nothing added to it,—nothing otherwise

arranged without mutilating and disfiguring the perfect work. Now, this we doubt altogether; and we believe it would be very much to the injury of Shakspeare's reputation to believe it possible; first, because we are persuaded that Shakspeare possessed an exquisite power of adapting his universal truths to the nicest peculiarities of every age and country, and, therefore, unless we were much more thoroughly acquainted with the history of his age, we could not be aware of all the astonishing fitnesses which his works really contain; and, secondly, because to conceive that M. Schlegel could perceive all the reasons which dictated Shakspeare's management of his thoughts, and arrangements of his subject, we must believe him not merely equal to Shakspeare, but the actual William Shakspeare himself; and, with all respect for his genius, this we do not believe.

We were not a little surprised, upon quitting Schlegel, to encounter a person whom we imagined nearly a hundred miles off—no other or less a person than WILLIAM GODWIN. It would be a sad deviation from our subject to enter into a long discourse to explain why so great a novelist as the author of 'St. Leon' and 'Caleb Williams' is not a poet—nay, is, in some respects, the very reverse of a poet. At present our readers must take our word of it; and, if they want further proof, let them read his criticism on Shakspeare.

As strong-headed as the driest mathematician, infinitely more powerful in the use of ridicule than the most perfect of French scoffers, here comes the man who fought the battle of truth and poetry, single-handed, against all the mathematicians and scoffers of the eighteenth century! Mark how LESSING demolishes Voltaire with his own weapons:

The disbelief of spectres in this sense neither can nor ought to prevent the use of them in dramatic poetry. We have all in us at least the seeds of this belief, and they will be found most in the minds of the people for whom the poet principally composes. It depends on his art to make them vegetate, and on his address, in the rapidity of the moment, to give force to the arguments in favour of the reality of these phantoms. If he succeeds, we may be at liberty in common life to believe as we please, but at the theatre he will be the arbiter of our faith.

Shakspeare knew this art, and he is almost the only one who ever did know it. At the appearance of his ghost, in Hamlet, the hair stands on end, whether it cover the brain of incredulity or superstition. M. Voltaire was much in the wrong to appeal to this ghost, which makes both him and his apparition of Ninus ridiculous. The ghost of Shakspeare really comes from the other world, at least it appears so to our feelings; for it arrives in the solemn hour, in the dead silence of midnight, accompanied by all those gloomy and mysterious accessory ideas with which our nurses have taught us to expect the appearance of spectres; while that of Voltaire's is not fit even to terrify a child. It is merely an actor who neither says nor does any thing to persuade us he is what he pretends to be: on the contrary, all the circumstances with which it appears, destroy the illusion, and betray the hand of a cold poet, who wishes indeed to deceive and terrify us, but does not know how to go about it. It is in the middle of the day, in the middle of an assembly of the states of the empire, and preceded by a peal of thunder, that the spirit of Ninus makes its appearance from the tomb. From whence did Voltaire learn that apparitions were so bold? What old woman could not tell him that apparitions were afraid of the light of the sun, and were not fond of visiting large assemblies? Voltaire was undoubtedly acquainted with all this; but he was too cautious, too delicate, to make use of such trifling circumstances. He was desirous indeed of showing us a ghost; but he was determined it should be one of French extraction, decent and noble. This decency spoiled the whole. A spectre, who takes liberties contrary to all custom, law, and established order of ghosts, does not seem to me a genuine spectre; and, in this case, every thing that does not strengthen the illusion tends to destroy it.—Pp. 281—283.

There are still, (for we have no time to employ upon M. VILLEMAIN, a very eloquent French lecturer, but one who has taken to reading and

admiring Shakspeare without going through the previous course of medicine, which it is absolutely incumbent upon every French lecturer to take) there are still behind, two very great names, and one of inferior fame, but who has deserved as well of Shakspeare as either of them. In the first place, we have SIR WALTER SCOTT—no, not Sir Walter Scott, but the speaker at an Edinburgh Theatrical Dinner. Considering the circumstances, the speech is well enough, and it is endeared to us all by the circumstance of its having been the occasion on which the disagreeable Waverley mystery was put to death; but still it was wrong to quote it as an instance of what Sir Walter Scott would say or write at another time. In his best moods, it is evident that he would not criticise Shakspeare well; for, being too much a man of genius not to be disgusted with the miserable metaphysics of England and Scotland, he has not given himself that sound psychological education which is necessary to qualify even the greatest men for becoming good critics. Not so is it with the other great man to whom we alluded.

The critical powers of GOETHE have grown up beside his poetical, each nourishing the other, but each occasionally trying their strength and getting the mastery. If we could hear him speak, we would instantly keep silence; but Dr. Drake has not given us the opportunity. The character of Hamlet is not among the 'Memorials.'

We will conclude with an extract from CHARLES LAMB. There have been profounder and mightier critics of Shakspeare than he is, some who have ransacked the depths of his mind more thoroughly; but there is none surely who has loved him more sincerely, or whose love more begets love in his reader:

'Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in the Witch of Middleton, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul. Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The names, and some of the proprietors, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too, is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life.'

PRACTICAL POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Cours complet d'Economie Politique Pratique; Ouvrage destiné à mettre sous les yeux des Hommes d'Etat, des Propriétaires Fonciers, et des Capitalistes, des Savans, des Agriculteurs, des Manufacturiers, des Négociants, et en général de tous les Citoyens, l'Economie des Sociétés. Par Jean Baptiste Say, Auteur du Traité et du Catéchisme d'Economie Politique, Membre de la plupart des Académies de l'Europe. Tome Premier. A Paris, 1828.

'WORDS are grown so false,' observes the Clown in 'Twelfth Night,' 'that I am loath to prove reason with them; a complaint of which the justice is demonstrated by the mistakes which we are led into on all subjects, by merely verbal equivocations and fallacies. We are, therefore, always glad of the opportunity which foreign

works of popular science afford us of discovering and correcting those errors in a strange idiom which may have become unsuspectedly familiar to us in our own.

We have heard the title of 'Economie Politique Pratique' condemned as pleonastic, on the ground that all political economy is practical. This objection is founded on the same misconception of the nature of economical, as, indeed, of all science, which has dictated the vulgar complaint of the inexactness and uncertainty of political economy. All science, in as far as it is pure science, is exact—in as far as it is grounded upon simple, universally acknowledged first principles, abstractedly from all consideration of particulars. In the same manner as mathematics assume for their foundation our simple ideas of number, extent, and figure, political economy is based upon the known laws of production and origin of value. It is when the mathematician and economist step severally forth from their domain of abstractions, and apply their principles to the mechanical or social powers, that they become of course liable to uncertainty and error, by miscalculating the adverse force of friction, human passion, &c. But he who should make human fallibility an objection to the study of physical science, would be simply laughed at. Nor are such cavils less ridiculous when brought against research into the powers of human industry, the universal source of national as of individual wealth. To say that human folly may disturb this source is no more a valid objection to political economy, than to say that human life may be endangered by intemperance is an argument against the study of anatomy and physiology. Nay, the strongest possible proof of the importance of a science, is the very derangement introduced into its practical results by the ignorant and passionate hand of man; as the most useful lesson wisdom ever read to the world, is that of non-interference with the constitution and course of nature.

A complete system of practical political economy, combining scientific exactness of principle with accurate observation and experiment of the varying phenomena of social existence, was a want not fully supplied by any treatise on the science. In this country, when the Peace had cleared the popular fancy from vain images of martial pomp and circumstance, which engrossed without satisfying the mind, and exhausted its attention while they weakened its energies, English intellect lay empty, swept, and garnished, in grievous lack of some new furniture to replace its exploded magazines of cannon-balls and Congreve rockets. Some of its instructors still thought proper to keep harping on the string of national glory; but the nation heard them much as a toper, waking with a headache, might hear a repetition of the preceding evening's songs. Fortunately, the discoveries of political economy succeeded in arresting a degree of public notice proportionate to their interest and importance; but, unfortunately, the languor of the public mind precluded the possibility of that science being studied in its full depth and extent, and imposed on its professors a necessity of supplying the popular demand with essays and treatises, in which the elements and practical results were packed together in the closest and the most concise form; and in which a hasty student might provide himself with formulas and classifications enough to heap upon his ignorance the husks of knowledge. Thus, a double wrong was done to those writers whose genius fitted them for exploring the principles of the science, as well as for pursuing with success their practical application and development. They were 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined' in the intermediate space allotted them betwixt the beginning and the end of their labours, and compelled to rapid inference from abstractions to realities. And when this too popular method had produced its natural fruits, the whole blame was thrown on the political economists, by critics who would assuredly not

have recompensed their labours, had they engaged in more extensive or profound investigations.

Whether the new work of M. Say will furnish all that is wanting to the students of his science, is a question upon which we shall suspend our decision until a larger portion of his work is before us. He has, at all events, an adequate conception of the field he undertakes to cultivate.

'I understand, by a *complete course*, that which does not leave without explanation any of the phenomena which we are capable of explaining in the actual state of our knowledge. This explanation ought to be found here in a direct or indirect shape; it ought either to be expressed, or to be easily deducible from the principles which are here developed. The economist is not obliged to give the history of all the institutions which have succeeded each other on the surface of the earth. They are nothing in his eyes but accidents, which aid him to give an idea of the nature of things and of their consequences; but the totality of facts, and, above all, the hypothetical description of facts—such as they ought to have taken place,—would only be an incubus in the exposition of natural and incontrovertible laws. It is enough for the economist to rely on facts which prove something. Like the natural philosopher, who expounds the laws of the physical world while he forbids himself conjectures on the origin and formation of natural beings, he exposes laws from which societies cannot free themselves without fathoming depths which escape our means of knowledge.'

In accordance with the stamp of reality which it is the great object of M. Say to confer upon his work, are the following clear and sensible remarks on the classification of industrial operations under the usual heads of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures :

'You will see that this classification offers some facilities; but I beg you will not forget that it is altogether arbitrary, and adopted for convenience alone. When one studies things, facts, the laws of the universe, as well in the moral as in the physical order, one perceives that nature appears to have sought to efface classifications, rather than to establish them. In political economy, we class things according to their nature, their functions, and their properties; we sometimes substitute a better classification for a worse one, as naturalists have done, who, after arranging animals during a long period, according to the number of their feet, have found it more convenient to divide them into animals with or without vertebrae. They have not multiplied the number of the animals which nature offers to us; they have only classed and studied them better. Nature wills that political societies should be composed of several organs, experience a multitude of wants, and have at their disposal certain means to satisfy them; as for us, our affair is to study all these things, and for that purpose to examine them one at a time, and to arrange them in the most accessible order, without forgetting that the nature of things, which mocks at our studies, seems to love to mix them all up together. The processes by which things may be modified and rendered proper for our use, melt the one into the other by gradations almost imperceptible. The cultivator becomes a manufacturer when he presses his grape for wine, the gardener is a merchant when he carries his salad to market. Every family has a landed estate in its garden, and a manufacturing establishment in its kitchen; for in the one vegetables are grown, and in the other prepared for consumption. A hundred boards of statistics would not suffice to take note of all the transformations which are effected in a kingdom such as France; and no table ever will exhibit all the augmentations of value which arise from these metamorphoses.'

We extract the following passage on the instrument of exchange, since, however popular and simple its contents may appear, were the truths which they enunciate understood by our contending advocates of paper and gold currency, we should not find on the one side such a firm faith in the magical properties of little round metallic counters, or, on the other, in the revivifying influence of rags adorned with villainous engravings.

'In speaking to you of exchanges and values, I have made use of sums of money to designate one of the two terms of the exchange. I ought, however, to remind you, that sales and purchases, that is to say, exchanges where money enters as one of the terms, are not the essential object of our social transactions. When we sell a thing which has value, to what end do we possess ourselves of those bits of gold or silver

which are given us in payment? Is it to string them in the style of ornaments, and make necklaces of them, as is said to be done in certain countries? Probably not. It is to buy something else with them—some other goods. If we transmit this sum to a third person, this person will employ it instead of us; but how will he employ it? Always in some purchase or other. Even if we should bury the sum under ground, it would be in order to make use of it at a later period for buying something. If we died without having disinterred it, then our heirs, or those into whose hands it might fall, would employ it in a similar manner; its employment would be only deferred. So long as it remains money, it can be employed in no other manner; and, if you melt your money in a crucible, you may be considered as having employed it in the purchase of an ingot.

'It is the same with the tradesman in his shop—with the farmer at the market. They only sell to buy again, for the simple reason that they cannot consume money in its own shape, and, consequently, that money is of no sort of use, when one has it, except to make purchases.

'What shall we conclude from hence? That a sale is but the half of an exchange, an operation not yet terminated. *Selling and purchasing* form the complete operation. Now, what is to sell and purchase, but to exchange that which one sells against that which one purchases?

'Since wealth appears only temporarily in the form of a sum of money, since, at the close of every complete operation, one always finds that one has exchanged goods susceptible of use against other commodities equally serviceable, it is the reciprocal values of these, not that of the gold or silver, which are weighed against each other. Thus, supposing me an agriculturist, if I want to buy a pound of coffee, price two francs, I am obliged, in order to get these two francs, to sell twenty pounds of wheat at two sous; with my wheat I get a pound of coffee, and thus the exchange is terminated. You see clearly that it is the relative value of wheat and of coffee which concerns my interests, and not the relation which one or other of these commodities may have with money. If money is abundant and cheap, I shall get more of it for my corn; but, at the same time, I shall be obliged to give more of it for my coffee. Again, if corn becomes more valuable in relation to coffee, or coffee less valuable in relation to corn, with my corn I shall obtain a greater quantity of coffee. If America had not possessed abundant mines, gold and silver would be much less common. I should not obtain, perhaps, in selling my corn, more than a *demi-sou* for every sixteen ounces; but, at the same time, coffee would only be worth a *demi-franc*, instead of two francs; and, with my twenty pounds of corn, I should always get a pound of coffee. Wealth, value, would remain the same, although expressed by fewer counters, just as the fortune of a man, whose income is a thousand pounds sterling, is not less than that of a man who has a revenue of 25,000 francs, although 25,000 is a larger number than 1,000.'

J.

[To be continued.]

MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA'S WORKS.

Obras Literarias de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.
3 tom. 12mo. Paris, 1828.

SPANISH literature, abandoned by its natural protectors and become vagabond, still finds shelter from a few noble and worthy votaries, who in their own emigration have preserved it as their most precious treasure, as the best consolation of their misfortunes. Hence talents of every kind proscribed on the banks of the Manzanares flourish, although exotic, on those of the Thames and of the Seine, and produce fruits which are at once the honour and the shame of the Peninsula.

For some time, indeed, the soil of Spain has proved unfavourable to the growth of her native literature, which, like her Government, has felt the influence of strangers. For upwards of a century past has the Spanish territory been subject to the frequent invasions of foreign armies, and, in like manner, the national literature of the country is marked by the inroads of foreigners. Above all, it shows the ravages caused by the fatal thirst for imitations of the French, which have been carried to such an extent, as to leave it scarcely a particle of its primitive character. It is at this day

much more deficient in originality than when in the sixteenth century the Italian Muses took sudden possession of the Spanish Parnassus. At that period, indeed, the delightful Castilian, so far from losing by the invasion, had gained in vigour, in richness, and in majesty, and had established, once for all, its robust tones, its abundant roots, and its copious inflections; but, now that the imitation is that of a language comparatively poor, harsh, and inharmonious, the Castilian idiom has suffered a very palpable corruption by the grafting of weak and meagre Gallicisms. These are the vices most conspicuous and effective in the wreck of Spanish literature; for the literature, not less than the institutions and public liberties of that unhappy country, is well nigh gone to ruin. At the same time, it must be allowed that there are a few honourable exceptions to this general evil, and that there are not wanting some very estimable authors, who, being at the head of the Clasico-Galllic school, present us with works worthy of a better age, and who make up, by their good taste and refined learning, for the want of the more splendid works which they might produce, would they but follow their own inspirations, and make a noble effort to throw off the yoke of systematic imitation. Among these writers is the Senor Martinez de la Rosa, whose works we announce. The first and second volumes comprise the useful labours undertaken by the author, in forming a Spanish Art of Poetry. They contain a didactic poem on this subject in six cantos, in easy and highly descriptive verse, accompanied by copious notes, illustrating, by the examples and doctrine of the most celebrated national authors, the precepts which he expounds for the forming of minor compositions; to these are added very ample appendices occupying the whole of the second volume, and forming a complete illustration of the history and learning of the epic, dramatic, and didactic poetry of Spain. The work of the Senor Martinez de la Rosa, although still leaving much to be desired by the admirers of the ancient and venerable Muse of genuine Peninsular literature, unaffected by the rules and influence of the ancient classics, is the most complete, and, we venture to say, the most judicious and useful work, which has yet appeared in Spanish on the subject which it professes to treat. The third volume contains the original 'Zaragoza,' a poem rich in beauties of versification and imagery; the tragedy of the 'Vinda de Padilla,' a drama, although somewhat feeble, yet invested with much poetic pomp, and containing some fine declamatory passages; an historical sketch of the War of the Comuneros, curious for a fine delineation of the principal incidents of that struggle and their causes; and the comedy of 'La Nina in casa i la Madre en la Mascara,' a well-drawn satirical sketch, but, as a drama, wanting in the necessary vigour of character and even of invention, and in the due arrangement of the plot. The works of Martinez de la Rosa bespeak talents very capable of much greater things, would he but dare to be original.

PIPER'S HAVANNIAD.

The Havanniad, a Poem. By P. Piper, Esq., of Christ Church, Oxford. Murray. London, 1828.

[A Correspondent has sent us the following Article. We have not yet read the Poem ourselves, but we have the greatest reliance on his taste and discrimination.]

PERHAPS, if we had not lived in the nineteenth century, we might have questioned the possibility of producing a splendid poem on the subject of smoking tobacco; but experience has taught us, that to a man of sense, and to a steam-engine, very few are the things which be impossible. Like other people, we are sometimes disposed to measure the powers of genius; but minds of a certain magnitude can always baffle the speculations of critics. The elements that compose the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' 'Paradise Lost,' and 'The Havanniad,' we should have pronounced *a priori* to be perfectly unmanageable; yet, in

the hands of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Mr. Piper, what have they not produced? 'The Havanniad' is, with great delicacy and propriety, inscribed to Mr. Southey; and we should do injustice to Mr. Piper, were we to explain in any language but his own, the reasons which led him to pay this elegant compliment to the Poet Laureate of England.

'Personally,' says the Author, addressing himself to Mr. Southey, 'personally, I know no more of you than is known to the wise and good of every nation, and than will be known to that favoured class in every future generation of mankind. But, Sir, I have watched over your public conduct, from the first flashes of youthful genius, in 1794, up to the last publication of your political essays in 'The Quarterly Review.' I have admired your daring consistency of conduct—the profound notions you entertained of civil and religious liberty,—the enlarged view you took in general of politics and philosophy,—and, when I could offer you no other tribute of my gratitude and applause, I resolved to dedicate to you the sole produce of a long and arduous existence, a work, whose price, I am persuaded, is above rubies—'The Havanniad.'"

We have said that this poem is excellent; but poetical excellence is the least merit of Mr. Piper. In times like these when Sciolists, Democrats, and Atheists are abroad, when pseudo-philosophy and licentious politics (sent forth both in prose and verse) are sapping the institutions of the only free and happy and prosperous people in the world; it is quite refreshing to fall in with one who, distinguished as he is most eminently for the fervid soul, the fine frenzy, the creative spirit of a poet, has never debased the name of patriot by affected liberality, nor the name of philosopher by dissenting from the religion of his country.

Having premised so much of the author of 'The Havanniad,' we proceed to a consideration of the work itself. Mr. Piper commences in the true strain of classic feeling by an invocation to the Muse. He then alludes to the discovery of tobacco in America, the great religious and political influence which the use of it has exerted on the human species, its effect on the conduct of individuals in war and in peace, at home and abroad, and concludes with a very poetical allusion to the perfectibility of our nature by the medium of tobacco. We must decline, however, giving any more detailed analysis of this poem, we would rather that every one should learn its beauties, not from our pages, but from its own. We will lay before our readers a few extracts, which, we think, will fully justify the praises we have bestowed upon the author, and for further gratification, we refer them to the spirited individual to whose well-known liberality we understand the public are indebted for the present work-to Mr. Murray.

Mr. Piper observes, that art and nature combine with equal generosity in proffering pleasures to the gay, the prosperous, and the happy; but in the day of misfortune, all to which we looked for consolation and support entirely desert us—all with one emphatic exception.

'Friend of the happy, whom no friend will flee,
In scenes of sorrow what is like to thee?
Oh, bid the victim of distress employ,
The charms that flattered in his hour of joy!
Recall the crowd, the feast, the bowl prepare,
And strive to struggle with the fiends of care.
False, fleeting succours all their arts are vain,
E'en pleasure's self but seems the nurse of pain.
Can music lend superior aid, when these
Have all renounced the proffer'd power to please?
Music can swell, when all is peace beside,
The thrills of transport and the throbs of pride;
But boasts no chord, with all its vaunted power,
Whose spell can soothe Distress, thy cheerless home.'

What is there then, exclaims the poet, that offers us pledges less deceitful? There is one thing only, (we earnestly hope the author meant also to except the principles of the Church of England,) genuine tobacco. He proceeds:

'Nay, spare your lenitives. Whene'er the star
Of evil rises, light me a cigar.'

O ! then, how little seems this world—how vain
Its darkest threats of sorrow or of pain !
For then the soul's bright extacies begin,
And all that's high and happy warms within ;
Till o'er each sense delicious languors creep,
And bring the rest without the trance of sleep.'

It is a subject every way worthy the consideration of the philosopher and the statesman, the wonderful effect which habitual smoking produces on the moral character of man. We observe an individual at one time sanguine, eager, and impetuous, ever ready to engage in rivalry and contention. Indifferent to the cause, and reckless of the consequence, of a sudden he becomes converted. He assumes a more deliberate step—a more correct and creditable conduct. Far from pursuing the follies which marked his earlier life, he seems above the influence of human passions, and looks down upon the passing jealousies and petty agitations of his fellow-creatures with all the sublime indifference of a superior being. The Turks, who smoke constantly, are a remarkable instance of the influence we have adverted to, and, after all, there are many things, both in the domestic and public arrangements of the Turks, which might be beneficially imitated in this country. Mr. Piper alludes to the fate of Sir Walter Raleigh, the first person who introduced tobacco into this country, and who smoked two pipes on the scaffold when he suffered decapitation. The fortitude with which he encountered his last awful scene is attributed by Mr. Piper to the effects of his favourite herb :

'On that dread theatre—Tobacco gave
A soul that scorn'd the terrors of the grave,
That stamped the martyr on the man of crime,
And gave his name a legacy to time ;
Tobacco sanctified his parting breath,
And led to glory through the paths of Death.'

We believe it was Hume who first pointed out the strange inconsistency of Raleigh's character and his posthumous reputation—the lucubrations of the poet form a useful commentary on the judgment of the historian. Though Mr. Piper now approaches the soil of America, it will be observed he views the Republicans with the spirit and discrimination of an Englishman : he is not carried away with any false enthusiasm for these new champions of a new kind of freedom ; on the contrary, in spite of the revolutionary taste of the times, he asserts their love of equality to be only founded in envy and jealousy, and their impatience of regular government to be nothing but a passion for rapine and confusion. Still, (must we do justice even to Americans,) it is not to be denied, that smoking is much practised in that country. But let us turn to a more agreeable subject : on reverting to cigars, Mr. Piper bursts into the following strain of pure and enchanting tenderness :

'In rugged fold of careless spirals curl'd,
(O, how unlike the allurements of the world !)
The modest leaf that dreads the summer wind,
Might still outweigh the treasures of mankind ;
The golden slumber of the seraph knows
No dream so brilliant as its breath bestows.
And when full lighted, O ! that vermeil tip
Will yield to nothing but my Lula's lip.'

We have always considered it a principle scarcely admitting of exception, that the ardent and unaffected votaries of Mundungus made use of a pipe. The author always alludes to cigars. This will appear very extraordinary ; but it is still possible that Mr. Piper had recourse to Manillas ; and they, we freely confess, form a temptation that might have endangered Paradise. We can afford room but for one extract more, and that we select from the conclusion of the poem.

'Sublime Havannah ! in man's closing day,
When life's last sands are ebbing fast away ;
Tis thine to cheer his parting smile and pour
Unwonted radiance on his evening hour :
Thy kindly aid them summons to his eye
The thousand dramas of his days gone by ;
His hopes in childhood, and his earliest friend,
The loveliest charms that life could ever lend,

He parts with all—and yet thy magic spell,
Flings sunset radiance on his last farewell.'

And now we take our leave of Mr. Piper : there is no age or country that might not derive splendour from such a poem as the 'The Havanniad,' and to quote the words of our respected contemporary, 'The Quarterly Review,' when speaking of another illustrious poet,* 'We think, without any extravagant compliment, we may promise the author whatever immortality the English language can bestow.'

H.

A SPINSTER'S TOUR IN FRANCE.

A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c., during the Year 1827. 12mo., pp. 427. 10s. 6d. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

THERE is no danger that we shall lack books of travels so long as there is any ground over which men or women are permitted to travel. 'A book's a book' at all times, but then most especially, expressly, and delightfully, when the matter turns almost entirely upon the writer. But beyond this reason, derived from the *cacoethes scribendi*,—than which no more primitive frailty entered human nature at the fall,—another may be found in the unexpected delight with which past occurrences crowd upon the memory of the traveller, like the clouds that are tinged with beauty, but only after their sun is gone. The romance of sight-seeing is retrospective, not present; the uneasiness and troubles of the time are felt, and overpower the due estimate of things around us ; but these more ordinary annoyances pass away and are forgotten, when the thoughts which entered our minds at the same instant, survive in their original splendour, but with greater force, because less interfered with. The new images which then seem not new, afterwards come forth brightly and alone. A field, a hedge-row, a wayfaring peasant, a cloud beside the moon, any the most insignificant objects contemplated with a dull eye, when the feelings are mainly occupied with the vulgar circumstances of the occasion, possibly creep into the recesses of the heart, and are afterwards appealed to, as the dearest of our recollections. If this will not account for the multitude of these books of travels, it will yet explain away much of the infatuation displayed by the authors in favour of the most trifling and unworthy topics, which, however they may stand on tiptoe, can never reach the dignity and elevation of the general subject. It is not that the tiny occurrences are necessarily those which are most fondly remembered, but that, inasmuch as they have long slumbered, so their rising up again is a memorable matter, and the surprise at having so large a stock of reminiscences never before calculated upon, of itself leads the traveller to set an undue value upon the windfall, and to treasure up, note down, and detail all the small affairs that have enjoyed this resurrection, with the transport of some 'fortunate holder of the capital prize.'

It is to be hoped that the excellent Spinster who has written the amusing volume before us, will not convict us of discourtesy in making these observations. We assure her they are quite general ; we whisper to the public, that they are a little personal. This is the duplicity most readily allowed by the world at large, and most eagerly indulged in by us, if by such means we can ingratiate ourselves with the fair writer, and give hint that we are desirous of a further acquaintance. With this preliminary, we present a sketch of her work.

It is rather a puzzling book for our anatomy. Both the route and the incidental topics are new ; that is, the route is not the one which has been followed exactly by any former tourist, and the topics seem to grow rather out of the previous resources of the writer's mind, than from the immediate suggestion of the places which she visits. In fact, we have a sort of illuminated itinerary,

in which the roads, and cities, and people are despatched quickly enough, but some collateral story or association is pictured out with all the glitter of gold and rich colouring. These marginal interpolations, which are by far the best and the greatest part of the book, are composed chiefly of historical or anecdotal scraps, some new, and almost all amusing. We cannot say so much for the direct qualifications of the writer as a traveller ; and those who desire a composition made according to the approved recipe in these cases, will be disappointed when they search either for complete local information, or philosophical sentiment, or locomotive precept, or connoisseurship, and garrulity, and infallibility, as by Mrs. Starke made and provided. It does not them much matter in what order we treat a book so disorderly and heteroclitic ; and a very few words will suffice for the mere story of the writer's proceedings.

From Havre, as a starting point, the traveller went through Lillebonne to Rouen, and thence, by the southern road, through Bernay and Alençon, to Le Mans. After some stay at this town, she visited La Fleche, and so on to Angers ; whence, after some occasional excursions up and down the Loire, her party proceeded to Paris by the usual road. This dangerous place for scribblers is traversed with some adroitness, and got rid of with a subtleness that seems like modesty. 'Your own judgment,' says page 251, 'with the help of printed guides and intelligent friends, will direct you to all and every thing most worthy of observation.' Again, 'Your own fancy will direct you to the theatres, &c. ; and thus, before we are fairly settled in *la plus belle des villes*, crack goes the conducteur's whip, and our diligence is on the road, from the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, to Lyons, and Turin, and Genoa. Little trips from the latter town to the east and west, along the coast, and in the interior, conclude the volume. We will now retrograde for the sake of her stories by the way-side.

Of these, some of the most amusing are told in the commencement of the volume, during the writer's stay at Le Mans. Take one or two accounts of the Troubadours of *la langue d'oie*, who early competed with their seniors and masters of *la langue d'or*, when the spirit of song, which had at first been roused 'in the southern provinces, acquired force as it proceeded northward,' and more especially under the auspices of the Plantagenets, than whom no royal house more generously rewarded the talent of the poet or the skill of the jongleur.

Bernard was born of mean parents, who served in the castle of Ventadour, in Limousin. He soon attracted the attention of his lord by a pleasing countenance and sprightly sallies. His education was therefore carefully pursued ; and, on his final examination, he was pronounced "courtois et bien appris, et qui sauroit composer et chanter." The chronicler Vigois surnamed Bernard's patron, Ebles de Ventadour, "Le Chanteur." He delighted in sprightly songs, even in his old age, and his compositions acquired him the regard of William Duke of Aquitain and Poitou. A singular circumstance which this chronicler relates, gives a specimen of the manners of that age too curious to be passed unnoticed. One day, Ebles Vicomte de Ventadour arrived unexpectedly at the palace of Poitiers whilst the duke was at table, who immediately ordered the visitor to be admitted, and dinner served anew for the guest. Great was the stir throughout the castle, long and tedious the time that idly passed away in the hall ; at length Ebles, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, "Surely, my lord, a nobleman of your degree should not send to his poultry-yard, when a poor viscount like myself takes him by surprise at his dinner-hour." The duke suffered these testy words to pass unnoticed ; but, a few days after the viscount had returned to his castle, William went there at dinner-time, uninvited, and attended by an hundred knights. Ebles immediately rose from table, gave his royal guest a cordial reception, and, in an unconcerned manner, ordered his attendants to bring water for the hands. In an instant after, the table was covered as if for a prince's wedding banquet. Fortunately, it chanced to be fair-day at Ventadour, and the serfs of

* The Rev. Mr. Milman.

the vicomte poured in to the castle all their store of game, poultry, and other eatables. Not content with this mark of duty, a peasant, of his own accord, came in the evening into the court with a waggon drawn by oxen, crying out, "Let the people of the Comte Duc de Poitou come and see wax given away by the Vicomte de Ventadour." He immediately staved a large cask that was in the waggon, and out fell a prodigious quantity of cakes of fine white wax, which he left in the court for whoever chose to pick them up, and drove away with his waggon. The vicomte was not unmindful of this well-timed liberality; he gave his serf the property of Malmont, on which he had hitherto laboured as a dependant; and the children of the peasant were afterwards adorned with the scarf of knighthood.

Thus Ebles may be presumed liberal as he was accomplished, and considered an appreciator of youthful talent. The chronicler so reports him towards Bertrand; but the poet, like most of his profession, choosing the idol of his worship in the family of his benefactor, addressed all his homage to the young and beautiful wife of the vicomte. This presumption incensed his lord, and he was expelled the castle: but, his fault being considered pardonable by the dames of that age, the disgraced troubadour found an asylum in the court, and a patroness in the Duchess of Normandy. Eleanor of Guienne received him favourably, till, at her departure for England, as queen of Henry II., the poet had liberty to attach himself to another benefactor.

The advice of Giraud de Calençon, a Gascon Troubadour, to a young minstrel, 'is sufficiently curious to deserve transcribing.'

"To be a good troubadour, thou must invent (trouver) well, and rhyme well, talk well, and propose a trial of skill well. Thou must learn how love runs and flies; how he repels justice with the darts himself has sharpened, and with his two arrows; the one of fine gold, which dazzles those who fix it, the other of steel, which pierces so deeply that it is impossible to heal its wounds," &c.

"When thou art master of all these subjects," continues the master to his pupil, "fail not to present thyself to the young King of Aragon, for there is no judge that appreciates good exercises better than he. If you really are skilful, and have talent to distinguish yourself, you will not have to complain of his generosity; if you cannot raise yourself above mediocrity, you would deserve a bad reception from the best prince in the world."

"Thou, jongleur, must prepare nine instruments of ten strings; thou must play on the cithara and mandoline, the guitar and manicorde, the wheel of seventeen strings and the harp. Let the jig enliven the tones of the psalterion. Thou must be expert in throwing up little balls, and catching them on the point of a knife, and thou must be perfect in imitating the notes of different birds," &c.—Pp. 102, 103.

There is not much novelty in the descriptions; but, to give an idea of their style, we will extract the observations made by the lady traveller soon after her arrival at Genoa, which convey, rather happily, an idea of the domestic grandeur of '*la superba città*'.

We have been here ten days, and this new world, this new life, is wonderfully pleasing. It seems as if we were returning again to childhood, observing every object in nature, endeavouring to form combinations, and to fix impressions in the mind, for the first time. At Lyons, though the habits of the people are generally different from our own, they, their country, the city and river, remind you often of England. You exclaim "What! journey six days south to find the dingy, dark, dirty streets of our own drizzling climate!" On the heights your spirit instantly renew its elasticity; but then it possibly may be the remembrance of home that gives it that nimble play,—the wooded cliffs, the wide-spreading meadows, the rivers, one clear as the Thames, the other turbid as the Severn, recall all your native scenes. In the town, the well-dressed, intelligent shopwoman answers your inquiries promptly, directs, advises, informs the stranger, as in our own island, and so on. But at Genoa, no one similarity ever recalls England to view, and you here feel as if the whole memory of all you had ever seen and learnt at home had been left behind in the well-stuffed chair, where you extended yourself comfortably upon the rug before a rousing fire the second week in May, to talk over precautions against the evening chills and the morning fogs of a midsummer journey. Chambery and St. Michel had somewhat prepared the trans-alpine for a great change but Turin, except its friars and beautiful

classic oxen and carts, was England again. We arrived so early at Genoa, that an inn was the only habitation we could expect to open for us, and my Italian friend had thoughtfully announced our arrival at l'Aquila d'Oro, whose principal rooms command the whole view of the port. Extreme fatigue disinclined me to move through the day, and I contented myself with the report of the apartments in la Strada Nuovissima till late in the evening, that my friends escorted us to our domicile. It would have been worse than fastidiousness not to have been contented. The suite consisted of four commodious, cheerful rooms, and two small cabinets. White marble fonts received a copious flow of excellent water, which is abundantly supplied to Genoa by aqueducts and pipes from the mountain springs. The ceilings were elegantly painted in classic designs, the walls tastefully tinted and bordered. A light frame-work of iron, neatly covered with black morocco leather, received the bag of reed-leaves, and the mattress of cotton, for our repose. Neither canapé or vallon impeded the air, which circulated deliciously through three doors and two spacious crossing windows; the floors of composition, lacquered red, looked gay and brilliant.

The proprietress was a French woman married to a Genoese; and, English having much frequented her house, their habits, even to the tea-equipage, were not strange to her. In the morning my senses were charmed by airs fragrant with orange and verbena; for that elegant plant, in this climate, is no longer a slight shrub, but a lofty, strong, and richly-scented tree, whose long-spiked blossoms are one of the greatest ornaments of autumn. I was somewhat perplexed to conjecture whence all these sweets proceeded: my apartment was "au troisième," and the depth from my window to the court seemed profound as to the bottom of Carisbrook's famous well. Another tier of apartments rose above me, and yet in higher air were suspended the terraces and the gardens that sent all this regale to our lower regions.—Pp. 322—325.

We will conclude our notice with a quotation of a different kind, which, for many, will possess an interest stronger than the ordinary details of a journey can lay claim to. It refers to the cultivation of the silk-worm at San Quirico, a village about five miles from Genoa, along the beautiful vale that takes its title from the river Polcevera, by which it is intersected. The rich silks of Genoa, though not so famous as her velvets, are yet, in the estimation of the natives, beyond the reach of competition. Some of the following particulars are extremely valuable:

The forming and qualifying the silk-worm for its wonderful operations,—the enduring it alone, of all the numerous families of the same species, with peculiar instincts, that render its preservation easy to the cultivator,—must have been esteemed a beneficent effect of Divine Wisdom; but varieties have been discovered in the creature, which need only to be carefully encouraged, and several kinds and degrees of the precious material will be invariably obtained. The small worm, which changes but three times before it spins, gives a finer and more even silk than the larger insect, whose cocoon is double the size. The consumption of leaves, from an equal weight of the larvae of either insect, is nearly the same, and the more delicately organised worm is not more difficult to rear than that which appears more hardy. It has even been found that the fine small worm, and likewise that which gives the perfectly white silk, is often less liable to disease than the grosser kinds. A most watchful attention to the cleanliness, comfort, quantity of food, and precise degree of the warmth of the situation, is indispensable for its health and vivacity. To judge from the firm and perfect texture of the cocoons, of every size and colour, which abounded in the mills, experience has not been lost on the cultivator of the valley della Polcevera. Signor Poncino appeared to attach so much importance to climate, air, and water, for bringing the mulberry trees and worms to perfection, and then aiding all the processes of the furnace, the dyeing-house, and the loom, that he almost ridiculed the attempt of naturalizing the culture, and equalising the Genoese manufactures, in a northern climate. Lyons, which boasts of its temperature and fine water, is considered unblessed by the Cisalpine, who never suppose that the golden skies, the purple seas, the vivid foliage of Italy, can be imagined beyond the Alps. The Italians in the northern provinces usually content themselves with one complete crop from the mulberry tree, it having been found detrimental to strip the leaves a second time in the same season; and they never venture the Chinese and Persian method of plucking the young shoot together with the leaves, though the worm devours it greedily, and thrives on it well.

Experimental cultivators incline to give the preference to the small, thrice-changing worm, which eats with equal avidity the fibres and stem as the texture of the leaf; and it is supposed that this capability for solid food gives the insect its strength, and the silk its even firmness. The creature begins to spin four days sooner than the other kinds, which spares the tree and the attention of the cultivator, and it weaves its cocoon in a more perfect manner than the large worm, which enhances the value of the silk, as the risk is much less at the mill.

The large worms undergo four changes, consequently their duration is longer, and sometimes they continue to require food so late, that the trees suffer from continued plucking. Unless the coarse kind of silk be expressly called for, the additional risk these creatures incur by their prolonged life, together with the expense and trouble to the cultivator, might greatly inconvenience the poor peasant.

The worm that produces the white silk is very valuable, and great care is taken by the rich cultivators and the proprietors of mills, to encourage their being vigilantly and separately reared, and brought to their utmost perfection. They endure four changes, and live and eat as long as the worm usually reared, that yields fine straw colour or yellow silk. The quality of the tolerably white silk is acknowledged to be superior to the straw colour, and for many purposes it must be very valuable, as it comes from the insect bleached, of a glossy and perfect whiteness.

I did not learn if the peasants in this part of Liguria feed the worm from the wild, that is, the ungrafted, or the grafted mulberry tree. Experience has proved to some of the most observant of the Lombard cultivators, that the leaves of the ungrafted tree yield superior nourishment to the insect, which devours this food most greedily, appears more lively after its several changes, and works with greater rapidity. Yet the custom of grafting generally prevails in the silk countries, because it renders the tree apparently more flourishing, the leaves larger, the crop more weighty, and, therefore, at the time brings greater return to the cultivator. All around San Quirico the mulberry is not a lofty or handsome tree; its leaves are small, but vividly green, and the foliage is bushy and healthy. It would be interesting to watch the progress of this, and indeed every different culture in the valleys of Liguria, where the peasantry appear intelligent, communicative, orderly, and respectful. As the value of their lands and labour depends on their own exertion, their industry must constantly be stimulated, and it is allowed that the great landed proprietors encourage the efforts of their tenantry. The hills which enclose the valley of the Polcevera are rich in marbles; and one greatly resembling the *verd antique* is much esteemed, and worked at Genoa into ornamental vases, &c.

San Quirico is in the road to Campo Marone, where the Albergo is sufficiently commodious for the contented traveller, and whence to the mountain of the Bocchetta is but a drive of a few hours. Post horses are, however, uncertain; therefore, if you make this excursion, it would be most advisable to engage your limoniera for the time you are absent.—Pp. 365—370.

A Synoptical Table of Midwifery, showing the Management of Natural and Difficult Labours, their Consequences, and Treatment. By H. H. Goodvee and Thos. Evans, late House Pupils to Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Lecturer on Midwifery.

The title of this chart gives a sufficient idea of its nature and object. It presents a clear and complete view of the different cases which occur in ordinary practice, and combines with each statement of the characteristic phenomena a simple direction how they must be considered and treated, the whole being so comprehensively arranged that the practitioner of the obstetric art may appeal to it as a syllabus, or epitome, of the whole volume of his learning. It is decidedly superior to any thing of the sort which has hitherto assisted the profession.

Apollon, à la Toilette des Dames, Melodies faciles et agréables pour la Guitare, principalement par A. Diabelli. Ewer and Johanning.

This is a cheap, useful, and pleasing work, published in numbers, at 2s. each, of which we have received six. Each number contains about a dozen little pieces, well arranged, with useful fingering for the Guitar, and comprising a great variety of German airs, selected from operas, and other dramatic productions, unknown in this country, but all of a graceful, light, and highly pleasing description. It would be difficult to find more agreeable variety than is here presented at so moderate a price.

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE AT FERNANDO PO, IN 1827 AND 1828.

By JAMES HOLMAN, R.N., F.R.S., AND F.L.S.

THE present production of that enterprising and extraordinary traveller, Mr. Holman, will be found to evince the same acuteness of perception, and we may add accuracy of observation, which pervade his former travels in Russia, Siberia, and elsewhere, and to prove that his total deprivation of eyesight has been considerably if not abundantly compensated by Providence with the enlargement of other faculties. We are happy in the opportunity of presenting so interesting a narrative to our readers, and intend to introduce it in a series of successive numbers until completed. It is incumbent upon us, however, to state that some of the earlier portions have already appeared anonymously in a contemporary journal. These passages, however, have been re-written and collated with additional MSS., since received from the author, in a manner which cannot fail to render them novel and interesting to those who may have perused the previous publication. The general mass, we can pledge ourselves, is strictly original. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that Mr. Holman's last letters left him still at Fernando Po, but preparing for the further prosecution of his travels.—EDITOR.]

THE island of Fernando Po, situated off the western coast of Africa, in the Gulf or Bight of Biafra, between 3° and 4° N. latitude, or 8° and 9° E. longitude, is about one hundred and twenty miles in circumference. It is generally believed to have been discovered in the year 1471, by a Portuguese navigator, who gave it the name of Ilha Formosa, or the Beautiful Isle, afterwards changed for that of its discoverer, which it now retains. After the lapse of many years, the Portuguese established a settlement upon it which they abandoned, and subsequently transferred the right of possession to Spain, receiving in exchange the Island of Trinidad off the coast of Brazil.

In the year 1764, a new settlement was founded by Spain, which, after a lapse of eighteen years, was also abandoned, for causes which have not been satisfactorily explained, although it is generally believed that a series of misunderstandings with the natives took place, which principally produced that result.*

* The following extract from the letter-book of the late African Company, throws considerable light upon this subject :

'Cape Coast Castle, 30th January, 1783.

Captain Lawson, who has been lately at the islands of Princes and St. Thomas, says that the Governor who was inimical to the English, is returned to Portugal; he hired to the Spaniards at Fernando Po, one hundred soldiers to make reprisals on the English, in consequence of Captain Ragan having endeavoured to cut out of the island a Spanish packet, which was there in March and April last. Captain West of his Majesty's ship *Champion*, cruised off Fernando Po, two days in July last, in order to fall in with a frigate of thirty guns, and a sloop of fourteen, but, being both in the harbour, they would not come out. These two vessels remained in St. Thomas's in October last, where they had carried 200 troops, the only remains of 3000 that had originally been sent to Fernando Po, where the Spaniards had made a settlement, and landed a great quantity of brass cannon, and all kinds of military stores; but the natives were so disgusted with the Spanish Government, that they poisoned the water, which caused a great mortality and obliged the survivors to go away. However, previous to their departure, they dismounted and buried the cannon and all the stores; and, after they were gone, the natives demolished all the fortification, and threw the stones into the sea. A few Portuguese Natives of St. Thomas's, who for misdemeanours had been sold to the Spaniards by the Portuguese Government, are now remaining in the island ready to show where the cannon and stores are buried; and, from what Captain Lawson has heard, the Natives seem to wish that the English would come and settle among them, promising to render us every assistance in their power in erecting a settlement there. The importance of the trade carried on to Leward having already been represented to you, I shall not add on the subject.'

Since this period the island has been neglected and almost unknown, excepting that various European, and particularly English vessels, have occasionally touched at it for the purpose of procuring water and yams; of the latter of which it grows the finest in the world, and which the natives were accustomed to barter for pieces of iron.

At length, a variety of considerations determined the British Government to attempt a new settlement on this island; these it may be proper briefly to state.

In the first place, the convenient situation of the island, at the distance of only twenty miles from the main-land of Africa, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the mouths of the many large rivers which pour their waters into the Gulf of Biafra, appeared to afford a most eligible point for checking and regulating the slave-trade, of which this position may be considered the very centre.

Secondly, it was imagined,—and the consideration reflects the highest honour on the humanity of our Government,—that the adoption of the measure would tend materially to diminish the sufferings of the miserable objects of human traffic—the unfortunate slaves—who too frequently sank under the confinement and disease incidental to a protracted voyage to Sierra Leone, before their liberation could be legally accomplished.

In the third place, it was hoped that the greater salubrity of the new colony would lead to the eventual abandonment of the settlements of Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle, the direful effects of whose climates upon European life have long been proverbial. The insular position of Fernando Po, and the nature of its climate and localities, appeared to offer an earnest that it would not abound with those destructive malaria which have proved, on the neighbouring continent, so fatal to our brave countrymen.

I might also advert to the facilities which the situation of Fernando Po, at the estuaries of so many great rivers, together with its insularity, holds out for extending and protecting our commercial relations with Central Africa, and probably extending the blessings of civilisation amongst its inhabitants; these, however, although important, were minor considerations with the British Government.*

To carry the proposed object into effect, an expedition was fitted out in the early part of the summer of 1827, under the command of Capt. William Fitzwilliam Owen, of his Majesty's ship *Eden*, who received the appointment of superintendent of the colony, and than whom no one could be better adapted, from his superior activity and penetration of mind, his firmness of character, and many other elevated as well as amiable qualities, to fulfil the important duties which were to devolve upon him: Captain Harrison, a highly meritorious and indefatigable officer, received the chief civil appointment under him. A number of appropriate artificers, with an abundant supply of the requisite stores, including several framed wooden houses ready for immediate erection, were embarked; and it was arranged that a body of troops, with an additional number of workmen and labourers from that settlement, should be attached to the expedition on its arrival at Sierra Leone.

With regard to myself personally, it is proper to state, that, having for some time previously determined upon undertaking a journey into various parts of Africa, it was my happiness to be permitted, by the personal friendship of Captain

* If we are to place implicit faith in the accounts which have lately reached us, some at least of the expectations of Government are not unlikely to be disappointed, particularly, and we regret to state it, as relates to the salubrity of the new establishment. It has also been said, that Spain has urged her claims to the proprietorship of the island; we have the best authority, however, for stating, that no disappointment or inconvenience is likely to result from this source.—EDITOR.

Owen, to accompany him on the present occasion; and it is the excessive kindness of that gentleman, and the facilities consequently afforded me, that I am indebted for the opportunities of gleaning the information, however scanty, comprised in the present pages.

Some of my readers will possibly be anxious to know what interest or advantage I propose to myself from indulging, under my circumstances, what I know they deem an absurd rambling propensity. However, as I have on former occasions been sufficiently explanatory on this point, and probably may find future opportunities in the present narrative, for reverting to it, I shall dismiss it with the trite remark, that I ought to be the best judge of my own happiness. I would be a more interesting inquiry to ascertain whether the propensity for loco-motion, by which I am actuated, was the accidental result of my loss of vision, or whether it is dependent on phrenological cause. Some reasons might be adduced for attributing it to the latter, since I have been told of certain prominences on my forehead which, according to the opinions of Spurzheim and Deville, leave me no choice as to the matter;—however, admitting the existence of such organisation and its connection with the loco-motive propensity, it is just as probable that it may have been the *effect* rather than the cause of such propensity. That it has not been a consequence of the loss of vision, I am fully assured, as I have recollections of its existing previously; there can, however, be no doubt that the exclusion of visual ideas tended to its fuller development.

But how, it is frequently demanded, can a blind man gain sufficient information on his travels to justify him in obtruding the account of them upon the public? And what reliance can be placed upon his descriptions, or the information he may think proper to advance? It may not be easy to answer these questions to my readers' full satisfaction; but, with respect to the latter, I feel it due to my own character for veracity, and to my literary reputation and interests, to vindicate myself against the accusation implied, by an appeal to the experience of my former productions; and I therefore ask, whether any glaring or serious inaccuracies have ever been detected in them? Numbers who came in contact with me, during the journeys to which they relate, can authenticate the general correctness of my details. Whether the information which I communicate, is such as is likely to prove interesting to the public, is a point which it would be presumptuous in me to profess an opinion upon: the public themselves must be the proper judges in this respect—than myself, I have only to observe, that no one can be more sensible of my many deficiencies.

The *Eden*, with a transport, the *Diadem*, sailed from Plymouth on the 29th of July, 1827, and arrived at Sierra Leone on the 2d of September. At this place we were detained for more than a month, during which time it rained almost incessantly. At length, having taken in our additional men and stores, we sailed for our destination, Fernando Po, off which island we arrived on Friday the 26th of October, and, on the following day, cast anchor in Maidstone Bay.

On first approaching the island, its mountains were shrouded from view by heavy clouds and a hazy atmosphere; which, however, gradually dispersed as we neared the shore, and revealed to the eyes of my companions a magnificent view of mountain scenery, closely studded with large trees and thick underwood, whose luxuriant foliage of cheerful green, blending with the scarcely-ruffled bosom of the ocean, and the rich tints of a sky each moment becoming more lucid and transparent, formed such a variegated picture of natural beauty, that we unanimously hailed it as 'the land of promise.'

It was not long before the scene began to assume an aspect of animation, the immediate consequence of our arrival.

(To be continued.)

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

[A Fragment from the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

THE streets of London have a twofold nature, a double existence; there are the dead streets and the living streets, the stucco chaos of Mr. Nash, and the great collective majesty of John Bull. I have a respect for both, but more, I confess, for the masonry than the men. Go through London when its highways are deserted, and see those long vistas of silent habitations,—they have as much of human interest about them as a million of living Englishmen. They are the works and the homes of men; but they carry with them comparatively little of that jar and bustle of the present moment, the element of an Englishman's existence; they have a past and a future. Here is a line of tall, irregular houses, beneath which Milton has walked; yonder are the towers that point to the stars from above the tomb of Isaac Newton and of Edmund Spenser. Along this magnificent street our children's children will linger and wonder, but will not, like us, be able to discover a dim and distant patch of hill, and believe that it is green with God's verdure. Below stretches, with its wide and broken outline, the prospect which is made boundless by such big recollections. There Charles was executed; there Cromwell has ridden on a charger which may have seen Naseby or Worcester; there Vane has mused and sauntered. And beyond rolls the river, reflecting bridges and towers, with their myriad cresses, and the cyclopean shadows of domes and palaces, and lifting its mist around those chambers from which have proceeded more lastingly powerful decrees than from the Roman Curia, and which (once, perhaps, or twice) have been filled with the grand presence of better statesmen than ever declaimed in Paris, or muttered in the Escorial. Away, again; and, heeding neither that cathedral front, which spreads like the wings of an archangel, nor that star which gleams so high above it, nor the hundreds of buttressed pinnacles, which glimmer upwards like holy thoughts, stand for a few moments beneath those square, black, massy, and unwindowed walls: they are a prison. The rain is driving fast and slant along the gusty street; the distant rumble of some lagging vehicle is all the sound that I can hear, except the patterning of the rain-drops, and the voice of the lonely wind; and now rings out, with slow and lingering strokes, the chime which, in a few hours, will knell to his execution some wretched criminal within a few yards of where I am now placed. There is a slit over my head, one edge of which gleams in the lamp-light. It opens, perhaps, into the very death-cell; and there is, amid the gloom which it doth not illumine, a choking agony, which stifles the prayer that desperation would force into utterance. Far away again, a shadowy intertexture of masts and cordage stretches between me and the skies, and some round, antique towers rise against it. Within them, Raleigh thought for years, and Jane Grey knelt to beseech forgiveness from Heaven for her innocent and beautiful life. These things—so much less dreams or fancies than our own wretched selfish interests—throng round us in the streets of London; but they only come to be repelled.

The world is awake,—the mighty city is living with all its swarms, the tide swells and runs along ten thousand channels, its weeds and bubbles are all mingling, sweeping, rushing. They say that this is contagious—that we cannot look on the frantic and intoxicated dance without becoming Mænads ourselves—that it is impossible to be any thing but a cog on the whirling wheel,—that you can only run and struggle, never think, in the streets of London. This is not true. The stream of fashion is strong, but the breeze of will, or even of habit, will enable us to navigate against it. In the one or two hours of the four-and-twenty, when the town is silent and solitary, it is full of matter; but it is also very pregnant of other things besides ledgers and betting-books, when the tumult

is at the wildest. True, there is more of effective movement in the mind of one philosopher or poet, in one half-hour, than in all Cornhill in a century; but it would be possible to combine the outward and inward activity. We are in London, jostled, carried-on, distracted by a thousand objects, isolated in the most eager and crowded tumult of human beings to be found upon the earth; we will go along with it, but we will look at it, and think of it, as we go.

For my part, give me wealth and leisure, and I would as soon be here for a day, as in the greenest nook of Devonshire. I look round me for half an hour, and find the sweep of uniform employment and monotonous pleasure by no means so destitute of salient points and occasional interludes as most of such continental scribblers as myself would persuade us. London too, has its carved work and inscriptions, its quaintnesses, and glories, and touches of sorrow or beauty. There is a poetry of the paving-stones for him who can find it out. And, honour be to human nature! even this enormous torrent of its dregs carries with it some gold-sand and blossoms, contains something on which the philosopher may ponder, the artist meditate. Men's pulses and thoughts are stronger, after all, than the British Constitution, or the steam-engine. There, at that crossing, stands a miserable-looking dwarf, with his ruined hat in one hand and his wasted broom in the other; his features are writhed into that almost grotesque wretchedness which so often pursues personal deformity. A dozen people have passed him by. Here is one, an iron-looking, middle-aged man, without a hair of ornament or of error in his whole dress. He puts his hand into his pocket as if he were afraid it would be burned, hastily flings the beggar some money, colours up to the eyes, and looks angry when he is thanked, and walks on as if to escape from the infamy of giving alms to a street-sweeper.

Yonder is a church-yard. The church is fine, with abundance of bad science and bad taste, yet full of richness, variety, and genius. It is Wren's, which accounts for these qualities. The soil round it, the narrow, irregular, iron-railed area, is paved with flat grey slabs, and the very dust of these Englishmen must be jammed and jostled; but some children have found entrance to the cemetery, and are playing, as if they had not been suckled in a town, upon the smooth grave-stones. How much of gladness and consolation is there in the young voices and loud laugh which ring out among the rattle of coaches, and the unceasing buzz of the multitude. Yet, alas! how evident on those little faces is the stamp of bad education, how obvious is it that the features of all but one of them are drilled into a mechanical deadness! I speak to the exception, and find that he goes to an infant-school. So that here, too, in the very core of systematised and congregated debasement, wisdom and good are gushing forth, and healing what they were not allowed to prevent.

There stands, at the corner of a street, the ambulatory theatre of that great actor and hero of tragedy—Mr. Punch. He has obtained a motley but a merry audience,—half a dozen of those personages who bear about them the insignia of their trade,—soldiers, butchers, dustmen, chimney-sweepers; then there is a score of artisans, some looking wise and dignified with all their might,—others without shame holding both their sides,—several Irish labourers, fresh from Munster, roaring with glee,—and a troop of children, who, at every blow of that magic wand on the head of poor Mrs. Punch, re-echo it with shouts and chimes of laughter. Some Scotchman at my elbow has been complaining that Punch has not partaken of the improvements of the age, that he is behind the nineteenth century. The malison of every quiet, good-humoured traveller on the eternal upstart insolence of this nineteenth century! The world is improving—who doubts

it? But the human mind and men's affections are the power that pushes it on; they were before the nineteenth century, as they were before the first; and they will be after it, as they will be after the ninetieth. I love the people for loving what their fathers loved, and what they themselves have loved from the earliest, most bawling, most turbulent years of infancy. There was, perhaps, but little of creation in the original devising of these puppet-shows,—there is assuredly none in the minds of those who exhibit them; but how much is there in the hearts of the labourer and the child, whose open mouths and dancing eyes are so instinct with imaginative joyousness! I know a man, fit, if any, to be the Plato of our day. He once talked to me in the middle of the Exchange, about the allegories in the beginning of Genesis: Mr. —— rubbed against him, and I was annoyed by the contact. Here he is in the midst of this group of happy wonderers, his noble face reflecting the gladness of those around him, and seeming to sympathise with all the extravagant thumpings and grotesque noises of the wooden pantomime: and he is in his place.

If I were forging incidents instead of describing them, I would make some mighty 'tragedy in gorgeous pall come sweeping by,' as a contrast to the previous picture. But, instead of this, when I turn my eyes, I see a poor-looking man in black, with a little coffin on his shoulder, the narrow covering of which is edged with white, and behind it walk two mourning women and a child. Amid the concourse of the busy and the idle, they do not hurry or look around them. They are absorbed into the gloomy depth of their own sorrow. Though they were too poor to purchase an array of lamentation for their offspring—a triumph of grief—a cavalcade of splendid mourners—there is enough of agony within their hearts to supply, tenfold, the lack of plumes and horses. Amid the magnificence of wealth, and the earnestness of occupation, they linger and totter forward to the obscure cemetery, like a wounded raven fluttering through the chambers of a king. The mother is following the child of her bosom to the grave, where no blade of grass will spring above the dust, and where a thousand busy feet will desecrate daily the place of death.

They are lost in the throng; and here comes, instead, with piteous looks and broken supplications, the ragged Italian beggar: his features have the complexion and mobility of his country, and there looks out through their olive squalidness the quick dark glance of the transalpine eyes. The boy can scarcely speak a word of English; but that various garb, with glimpses of the skin beneath,—so fine a study for Murillo,—those hatless locks of sable irregularity, the monkey grinning through crimson rags upon his shoulder, and the hand extended for an alms, all tell a plain story of want and beggary. Poor fellow! an Englishman should feel bound to buy his secrecy on the subject of fogs and street-keepers. I have seen him burst into tears when a butcher's boy rapped his hairy play-fellow on the nose with a stick, and then offered to fight him. The lad gave a look for a moment that spoke of his country, and its fierce revenge. But he felt his impotence, and a gush of shame and sorrow was his only answer. The chances are, that he will be found to-morrow, under a tree in Hyde Park, stone-dead, with his pulseless hands still seeming to clasp the little animal which he was attempting to warm in his breast. Alas for poor Luigi! The chatter and mow of his desolate friend, Jacko, is the only moan that will be made for him.

Such are some of the detailed incidents which break, to an observant eye, the monotonous rushing of the London population. He who is among the crowd, without being as busy as themselves, would be as ill off as Ixion, but for some such interposition of human nature in other shapes than its avarice and contentions. I stand among a million of men, streaming away into eternity, and each striving to jostle, pull back, and outrun his

neighbour—and I wonder much, and pity more. But even this heady current cannot sweep away all which, in more tranquil waters, is the out-growth of humanity; and I should lose that faith in man which is as important as faith in God, if I could think that any one, the most wretched of all these thousands, is left utterly without a seed or relic of good. It is hard, however, where the mass is so absorbingly interesting, and the individuals so undistinguished, to retain and cherish the feeling that each of these atoms is in truth a living mind, in which are laid the germs of wisdom and of goodness; and while, we are whirled along by the general movement, it is impossible, without an earnest love for men, to keep alive the consciousness that we are bound by a thousand sympathies, and by identity of nature and destiny, to even the most degraded things of all the throngs around us.

THEODORE ELBERT.

HORE Hispanicæ.

The Spanish Fabulists.

The Spanish fabulists, in their plan and in their manner of narration, appear to have followed a middle course between the precision and studied beauty which characterised the ancient fable, and the playful loquacity of the modern. Assuming *Aesop* as the representative of the ancient fabulists, we find him no where delaying on his way, but hastening, by the shortest road, to his journey's end: thus his Fables were written in prose, as the necessity of conforming to the rules of the simplest metre might have led him aside from his sole end, the affording an intuitive perception of a moral truth. *La Fontaine*, whom we may assume as the representative of the moderns, has reversed the relative importance of the means and end. In many of his Fables, as in the exquisite tale of the 'Two Pigeons,' almost the entire beauty consists in the accessory graces of the narrative. *Lessing*, who has written a 'Philosophical Essay on Fable,' gives a decided preference to the ancient mode. Formerly, he says, fable was held to belong to the sphere of philosophy, from which the professors of rhetoric transferred it to their own. *La Fontaine* has turned it into a pleasant poetical pastime, and attracted a number of followers, who thought they could not procure the title of poet more cheaply, than by the composition of indifferent fables, in loose metre.

The names of *Samaniego* and *Iriarte* are the only two that have acquired any reputation in Spain, for the composition of Fable. Both flourished during the latter half of the last century. We might select specimens from the former, which would prove him a genuine poet; this, however, is not our aim. The wit of the first fable which we offer to our readers, though not broad, appears to us keen and cutting; it is evidently directed against those who

'Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.'

It is called,

THE SCRUPULOUS CATS, OR THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was eleven o'clock, or more,
When Susan from the kitchen door
A little visit went to pay
To her neighbour o'er the way.
And, alas! the larder left
Of her guardian care bereft.
Here Selim—there Abdallah lay,
Two famish'd cats, alert for prey;
Quickly—for hungry cats we know
But little ceremony show—
They both to the provisions went,
Attracted by the sight and scent,
And on an olla keenly fix'd,
Yet, as if some disgust were mix'd:
'Fah,' cried Abdallah, 'far from good.'
'Fah,' answered Selim, 'cursed food.'
But grumbling still, they still ate on,
And in a trice the whole was gone.

A spitted fowl arranged with grace,
Placed at some distance from the fire,
Next warm'd their bosoms with desire;
And Selim springing to the place,
Such skill in carving soon display'd,
As left court-carvers in the shade.
The victory gain'd o'er every joint,
Abdallah touch'd this tender point;
Whether in conscience it was fit
And proper they should eat the spit.
'What! eat the spit? what?' Selim cries,
With voice exalted, starting eyes.
'What madness this! what, eat the spit?
The greatest of all crimes commit.
Do you not know the smith received
A sum that scarce will be believed
For this same spit, and that the kitchen
Is not by any means so rich in
All that you see so good and fit,
As in this venerable spit?
Oh! whither has thy passion led?'
Abdallah, moved by what he said,
Gave up the project, and in fact
So scrupulous these cats became,
Had Satan lured them to the act,
With spits, (for fowls I do not name,)
With spits by thousands placed in sight,
Not one a year, if I am right,
Could he have tempted them to touch,
Not one—perhaps not half so much.

This is another of his fables:

THE FRIENDS AND THE BEAR.
Two Friends once chanced a Bear to see :
The first ran off, nor once drew breath
Till he had climb'd the nearest tree ;
The other, counterfeiting death,
Composed his limbs, and in a trice,
Like a cold corpse his body placed,
As conscious Bruin was so nice,
That of the dead he scorn'd to taste.
The Bear approach'd with searching snout,
And pok'd, and snuff'd, and smelt about,
As moveless thus the traveller lay,
Then, in low tones, was heard to say :
'Dead as my grandmother, by Jove,
Such stinking fare I do not love ;
It is a corpse, I know full well,
Already it begins to smell.
And though I'm hungry, I declare
I cannot touch such odious fare.'
Soon as the bear no more they see,
The coward, from his lofty tree,
Descended with officious haste,
And lovingly his friend embraced.
'Upon my word, I cannot tell,'
Cried he, 'how very, very much
I joy to see you safe and well.
I vow that my delight is such,
Expression is too faint and weak
My thanks to all the gods to speak.
But say, for I observed with fear
The monster whisper in your ear—'
'Two words—no more—' What were they, pray?
'The best advice, though from a stranger,'
For this I plainly heard him say—
'No more with that companion stray,
Who leaves you in the hour of danger.''

'Love and Folly,' an elegant little fable, is borrowed, if we remember rightly, from *La Fontaine*; however, as we are not positive, we will not be deterred from translating it.

LOVE AND FOLLY.
'TWIXT Love and Folly strife arose—
Their godheads quickly came to blows.
Folly the strongest proved, and left
The luckless Love of sight bereft.
Venus sought Justice from above,
And wildly clasp'd the knees of Jove.
Woman and mother ! you may guess
How shrill and clamorous her distress.
Her moaning boy she fondly press'd,
And thus the assembled powers address'd :
'What now availeth my Cupid's dart,
That madden'd every lover's heart ?
His wings, that shone in glossy pride,
Are drooping idly by his side.
His torch in vain may shed its light,
For him, alas ! is endless night.
Love heard both parties ; and, afraid
Lest now should perish Cupid's trade,
Long doubted, ponder'd, shook his head,
And weigh'd each straw. At length he said :

'Henceforward to the end of time,
In every age, and every clime,
Where'er their devious footsteps rove,
Let Folly be the guide of Love.'

There was some novelty in the attempt of *Iriarte* to illustrate literary truths, of which many might, of course, be considered moral truths as well, in fable: with this view, he wrote his 'Fabulas Literarias.' An English translation of these was published some years since, which cannot, strictly speaking, be said to be forgotten, as it was never remembered: it met no success, and, we understand, deserved none. In the specimen we are about to offer of *Iriarte*, we feel we shall do him as little justice as his former translator, and had we his volume beside us, would select a better; however, such as it is, we lay it before our readers.

THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.
A GOOSE of admiration fond,
Waddling round her native pond,
Extoll'd herself, and cried : 'Did Nature
E'er devise so fine a creature ?
Has aught, I pray, like me its birth,
In air, in water, or on earth ?
I can walk whene'er I will,
Or in swimming show my skill ;
Or, if I choose it, I can fly,
So variously endow'd am I.'
Coil'd within a sunny bower,
A serpent heard, and hissing spake :
'Such empty boasting, prithee, shun ;
For like the deer thou canst not run,
Nor like the towering falcon fly,
Nor like the barbel swim with grace.
He ne'er can take a lofty place,
Nor please the wise man's piercing eye,
Who every talent strives to show,
And, grasping all, excels in none.
Be modest and this maxim know,
Twere better far be first in one.'

Iriarte has also written a didactic poem on music: he has failed, as most didactic poets have failed, in attempting to teach an art through the medium of a poem, instead of pre-supposing in his readers a knowledge of the art; and thus the greater portion of his work is necessarily versified prose.

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE, OR THE RHODIAN GENIE.

(From the German of Baron Alexander von Humboldt.)

SYRACUSE, like Athens, had its *Pœcili*. Images of gods and of heroes, the works of Grecian and Italian artists, adorned the varied halls of its porticos. The people were incessantly crowding in: the rising warrior to contemplate the deeds of his ancestors, the artist to acquire skill and judgment in the use of his pencil. Amongst the numerous paintings which the Syracusans had industriously collected out of the mother country, was one which continued, for a whole century, to be the object of peculiar attention. Had it been the Olympian Jupiter, had it represented the city-founder *Cecrops*, or the heroism of *Harmodius* and *Aristogeiton*, it could not have attracted a greater or more eager assemblage. Whence arose the preference given to this picture? Was it a treasured work of *Apelles*, or had it come from the school of *Callimachus*? No;—it was possessed both of sweetness and grace; but there were many others in that same *Pœcili*, with which, neither in softness of colouring, nor in the character and style of the whole, could it be compared. The generality of people are prone to admire what they do not understand. For a century had this painting been placed before the gaze of the public; and, although Syracuse contained, within the narrow compass of its walls, more genius than all the remainder of wave-encircled Sicily,† still its meaning remained unridicled. It was not even known in what temple it had formerly stood; for it had been saved from the wreck of a ship, and all that could be learnt from the merchandise that escaped destruction, was, that it came from Rhodes.

* Cacizotchnos. Plin. xxxiv. 19, n. 33.

† Meerumflossene Sizilien.

The foreground of this picture consisted of a crowded group of young men and virgins; they were naked and well-formed, but not of the delicate proportions which were so much admired in the statues of Praxiteles and Alcamenes. Their stronger frames, which bore traces of painful straining, and the man-like expression of their wants and their grief combined to divest them of the heavenly or the god-like, and to indicate their earthly home. Their heads were adorned only with leaves and flowers of the field. They were stretching out their arms earnestly towards each other; but their anxious and troubled eyes were directed to a Genie, surrounded with a bright light, who was descending into the midst of them. A butterfly sat upon her shoulder, and in her right hand she carried a flaming torch. Her body was smooth and round as that of an infant; her countenance beamed with heavenly life. She looked down with a commanding air on the youths and maids at her feet. More characteristics were on the picture; but they were scarcely distinguishable. Some even believed that at the foot they discovered the letters ξ and ω , which (for antiquaries were no less venturous than now) they unluckily formed into the name Zenodorus, an artist similarly named with the later builder of the Colossus.

Still this Rhodian Genie, (for so they named this puzzling picture,) found no interpreter in Syracuse. Amateurs, particularly the youngest, when they returned from Corinth and Athens, thought that they would be obliged to relinquish all claim to intellect, unless they came forward with some new explanation. Some held the Genie for the emblem of spiritual love, which prohibits the enjoyment of sensual pleasures; others thought that it represented reason governing the passions. The wiser kept silence, conceiving it to be something sublime, and discussed only the composition of the group.

Thus the meaning remained still unriddled. The picture was copied with various additions, was formed into reliefs, and sent to Greece; and no one attempted to ascertain its origin. When once, with the early rising of the Pleiades, the navigation of the Aegean sea was again opened, a ship from Rhodes arrived in the haven of Syracuse. It brought a cargo of statues, altars, candelabra, and pictures, which the love of Dionysius for the arts had caused to be collected together. One of the pictures was instantly recognised as a FELLOW PAINTING to the Rhodian Genie. It resembled it both in size and workmanship, only the colour had been better preserved. The Genie stood, as in that piece, in the middle; but without butterfly, with sunken head, and her extinguished torch cast to the ground, and the circle of youths and virgins plunged together about her in manifold embracings. Their look was no longer sorrowful and submissive, but joyous with the possession of more unbounded freedom, the release of long-restrained desires.

The Syracusan antiquaries were already attempting to apply their former explanations of the Rhodian Genie to this new-discovered work, when the Tyrant ordered it to be taken to the house of Epicharmus. This philosopher, who was of the school of Pythagoras, resided in the remote part of Syracuse called Tycha. He seldom sought the palace of Dionysius, not because there was there any lack of holy men from every part of Greece, but because he thought that such princely company often robbed the wisest men of their holiness. He employed himself incessantly in the contemplation of the nature of things and their powers, of the generation of plants and animals, of the harmonical laws which regulated the spherical form both of the larger and smaller physical bodies. As he was very aged, he caused himself to be carried daily to the Pœcile, and from thence towards Nasus, on the haven, where his eyes, he said, presented him with an image of the infinity and eternity, which his soul so vehemently sought after. He was only of plebeian rank; yet

he was held by the Tyrant in peculiar honour and respect.

Epicharmus was lying exhausted on his couch, when Dionysius sent him this new specimen of art. The bearers had taken care to bring with them an exact copy of the Rhodian Genie, and both were placed together before the philosopher. His eyes were long riveted on them: then he called together his scholars, and addressed them with an elevated and affecting tone of voice.

' Draw away the curtain from before the window, that I may once more feast my eyes with the sight of the all-animated earth. Sixty years have I spent in the contemplation of the secret springs of nature, and of the diversity of matter, and not till now have I discovered the true meaning of the Rhodian Genie. When the vital essence, beneficent and fruitful, joined together the diversity of kind, then was moved, in the unorganic nature, the vague power of united impulsion. Already the various parts of matter collected themselves together in the dark chaos, or shunned each other: just as they were actuated by *friendship* or *enmity*, they attracted or repelled. The heavenly fire followed the metals, the magnet the iron; and the *RUBED* electrum moved the light portions of matter; earth mixed itself with earth; the salt (*KOCHSALZ*) collected itself together out of the sea, and the acidity strove after the alum, to bind itself together with the clay. Every thing in unenlivened nature hastened to associate itself with those of its kind. No earthly matter (who dares to place light as a part of this?) can from that period be found anywhere unmixed and in its pure virgin state. Every thing from its commencement hastens on to new combinations, and the dividing art of man alone can exhibit separate that which you seek in vain in the interior of the earth, and in the moveable ocean of water and of air. Dead, unorganized matter remains in a state of inactive rest: so long only it preserves the bands of kindred, as no third principle intrudes to reduce it again to the same state; but, upon this intrusion, follows again unfruitful rest.

' But otherwise is the mixing of matters in the bodies of animals and of plants. Here the vital principle steps commandingly into her right; she troubles not herself about the *friendship* and *enmity* of atoms, according to the system of Democritus. She unites portions of matter which, in *unenlivened* nature, eternally avoid each other, and sunders those which, in the same state, are incessantly attracted together.

' Come nearer, my scholars, and recognise, in the Rhodian Genie, in the expression of her youthful powers, in the butterfly upon her shoulder, in her commanding air, the symbol of the VITAL PRINCIPLE, as she animates each bud of organic creation. Her earthly elements, at her feet, strive, in the same manner, to follow their own lusts, and to mix themselves with one another. The Genie commands them with a threatening countenance, and with her blazing torch lifted up, and compels them to forget their own impulses, and to follow her decrees.

' Consider, next, the new painting which the King has sent me to interpret: carry your eyes from the picture of the living to the picture of the dead. Behold, the butterfly is flown, the overthrown torch is put out, the head of the Genie is sunken. The spirit has retired into other spheres—the vital-faculty decayed. Now, the young men and maidens freely embrace. The earthly matter enters upon its right. The fetters unbound, the portions of matter will follow their favourite impulse; and the day of death becomes to them a bridal day. Thus passes the degraded power of the vital faculty, through a numerous tribe of genera; and the same portion of matter contained the holy spirit of Pythagoras, on which, formerly, an indigent worm had revelled in the momentary enjoyment of its being.

' Go, Polycles, and tell the King what thou hast heard. And you, my dear Phradmon, and

Scopas, and Timocles, come still nearer to me. I feel that the enfeebled vital power will, also, in me, not much longer curb the earthly matter. It also, again, demands its freedom. Carry me, yet once more, to the Pœcili, and from thence to the open coast. Soon will you gather together mine ashes.'

THE WOOL-GATHERER.—No. II.

It is a critical maxim frequently repeated and generally accredited, that the poet or the novelist who aims to make his hero a perfect moral character, will find that he has drawn a tame and insipid personage, in whose thoughts and actions no one is greatly interested. Men can only sympathise, it has been said, with men; and, if you will bestow on your Grandisons more wisdom than can well fall to the lot of humanity, they will be received, indeed, with praise, but will be soon dismissed with apathy, if not with our secret malice. Some who love to give a gloomy account of matters, will tell us that this is owing to the original depravity of the human heart, which is so intense and so incurable, that the mere contemplation of excellence is odious to it, just as the sight of that good man, Adam, was gall and wormwood to the Devil. Others, whose philosophy is of a more amiable description, deny that such a character would, in real life, be looked upon with coldness or dislike, but consider that it is not a fit subject for the poet, in the same manner as many a loved and agreeable face may appear to little advantage on the painter's canvas. They would tell us that such a character may be passingly described, but that it will not admit of being brought forward into action, nor must it be allowed to speak much for itself. You may say pretty things on it, as you may say pretty things upon a dead lake, or an icicle; but nobody wishes that either of the three should be made his own spokesman, or should address us in his own person.

Now, it appears to me that, in spite of these excellent explanations, the maxim itself is false. It is not true that any character was ever tame because it was perfect; it was so, on the contrary, because it was *not* perfect. The author's error was not in aiming at what it was untrue to perform, but in not knowing how to perform that which he had aimed at. His object was to represent a perfect mortal, and his object was an excellent one; but his idea of perfection was wrong, and he consequently failed in it. The character generally depicted in these cases, is one wherein every passion is under the calm and apathetic sway of reason, all equally tamed and disciplined, with just enough of force, and no more, to give the requisite movement to the nicely-balanced soul. In the first place, this is not humanity at all, and, even if it were, it is far from being the perfection of humanity. It is the absence of any master passion that renders this personage so insipid, and it is a mistake to suppose that this absence is compatible with a perfect character: it is because it is in nothing an enthusiast, that it calls forth none of our sympathy; and it is a mistake to suppose that man can attain or preserve anything like moral perfection without moral enthusiasm. To omit this, is not only to make the excellent character dull and frigid, but to omit the first and most essential ingredient in its formation.

The most exalted virtue can only be supported by that degree of earnestness and zeal for which I know no other term than the somewhat opprobrious one of enthusiasm. A cold and calculating adoption of the best conduct in all circumstances could never long be adhered in. To resist the vehemence of passion, and the temptations of self-interest, an ardent love for the happiness of others, and for that which has been ordained from eternity to constitute their happiness, is absolutely necessary. Search the memoirs of men who have written their own lives, and it will be found that it was then only they were liberated from all un-

worthy bias, when they were open to the imputation of being young and wild enthusiasts. This is a state of feeling which, it must be admitted, rarely attends upon the greater part of any individual's life, but which has been experienced at intervals by almost every one. There are few, therefore, who would not be prepared to sympathise with it; to recognise it as human, at the same time that they venerated it as divine. But who of Adam's sons, without any of this enthusiasm, or with the least possible portion of it, is conscious of having passed through life, or any number of days of life, deciding on, and following with sedate gravity, the conduct most fit and wise? There is no such man; and, if there be, he is an unhappy one. Where there is no passion for virtue, the daily passions which flesh is heir to will take their usual station, and exert their usual influence: they can be expelled only by an energetic force still greater than their own. Epicurus was right when he taught the value of tranquillity; but he was wrong, if he ever taught that that tranquillity is to be obtained by moderating *all* passions, which is to be sought only by delivering ourselves up to *one*. There is no garden virtue which can lie on beds of roses, in indolence and security; but there is a virtue to whose more enraptured gaze the wilderness becomes glad, and the desert blossoms as the rose.

Let it not be imagined that I consider the state of moral feeling I have attempted to describe, as the only one which merits our esteem: neither would I by any means put it forward as a standard, whereby to judge and censure the characters of men. At the same time, however, I will not consent to join in the common laugh, and ridicule as high-flown, fanatical, and absurd, a state of mind, against which I can find nothing to object, except that I am incapable of attaining it.

In connection with this subject, it has been observed, that the attachment even of good men is far from being regulated by the degree of virtue in the object of it; but that, on the contrary, it seems to be often founded on its very failings. And I will add, that this apparent love of human weaknesses is still more observable in good men than in any other. But it is not that they are attached to the failings themselves of those whom they love, but that, in the midst of them, they have perceived, they have *felt*, that there was more of genuine goodness than could have been discovered in more prudent and faultless people. It is that they have found in them less of selfishness, and far more of kindly feeling, than in their more prudent neighbours; and they have been thus led to give them their affection, in contradiction to the more sober dictates of society. It is, in fact, that they have judged better than the rest, or rather that their better hearts have counteracted the errors of judgment that they shared with others. O! it is well indeed, that virtue is its own reward, that kindness felt towards another warms the bosom from which it proceeds; for the world is little fitted, even if it were inclined, to bestow on it its due honour and recompense. The ban of society is often arbitrary and unjust; and men establish a *cordon sanitaire*, where there is as much of the plague within as there is without. Some vices are pursued with indiscriminating hostility, while others are excused or even rewarded; and, while the frail woman whom Christ pardoned is unrelentingly excluded, the rich man and the Pharisee, whose errors he never deigned to pity, are sought, honoured, and exalted. But it is far from our topic to discuss the moral notions of society thus extensively. They have, doubtless, originated in a strong necessity, since neither reason nor religion has had any part in them. I return to say a few more words on the policy of the poet, or the novelist, in choosing a perfect character for his hero.

After the description I have endeavoured to give of moral excellence, there can be no fear, I imagine, that the reader, in such a case, would be pestered by the company of a perpetual censor

of his fellows. The perfectly good man is no satirist, no fierce denouncer, no querulous reprobate: he does not live to search out the faults or follies of others; he attaches himself almost exclusively to the better part of human nature, and lives on the earth as though the earth were a better and purer creation than it is. There is, however, another objection that may be urged on the ground that a love for virtue or for man, is by far too abstract, and too diffused a sentiment to attract the sympathy of the reader. He has felt chiefly as a lover, as a friend, as a child: the common relationship between man and man is far too cold and general, to give birth to any very lively emotion; and the description of it will, therefore, share little in his sympathies. Even patriotism he is content to call a passion; but philanthropy he looks upon as a principle. In answer to this I will observe, that the misanthrope, a being whose ruling sentiment is quite as abstract and general as that of the philanthropist, has been frequently exhibited so as to call forth our sympathies to a degree alarming to many a nervous moralist. Surely the portrait of this latter would not fail of its due power, if executed as well; and to represent this perfect character in the vivid and stirring scenes of life, it seems to me, a task still open to any genius that feels itself capable of it. Such a hero could not fail of exciting as great an interest as any that have preceded him, and of its happier influence there can be no question.

W.

AN EXILE'S RETURN TO FRANCE.

No. I.—THE DEPARTURE.

He was upon the deck of the vessel which was to convey him to France, and surrounded by a throng of passengers, among whom he felt completely alone; for he was waving his farewell to the friends who had accompanied him on board, and who were now returning to the shore. While their boat threaded the maze of floating wealth that covers the Thames, he caught at intervals a view of their disappearing forms, and of their last kind looks and gestures. The steam-ship began to stir and heave,—as if girding itself for the voyage; and a thick smoke rose from the chimney, and rolled away slowly before a feeble breeze from the south, unfolding itself like an enormous pennon, or, like a great black furrow through the air, stretching off till it was lost amid the wilderness of masts. The anchor had been raised, and a sudden roar of wheel-work, hammering and crashing in the water, announced that they were at last in motion. The vessel turned from the shore, and seemed at first to seek in vain an opening for escape through the innumerable fleets which choke the river; but, the moment it found an aperture, it shot away like one of those flaming arrows of ancient warfare which marked their flight with smoke, avoiding, with instantaneous and marvellous flexibility, the moving, as well as stationary, obstacles which crossed its path. If a Greek had seen it, he would have sworn that Chimaera, with her nostrils full of fiery vapour, had bounded from her mountain to the shore, and was bathing her huge sides in the ocean.

They lost sight of London Bridge, of the Custom-house, the Tower, the London Docks,—places the names of which are to Englishmen of such common-place vulgarity, but which convey to foreigners an impression of mysterious grandeur. While, pressing on with smoke and hurry, the vessel pawed the waters, they passed above the Tunnel, an undertaking of Egyptian greatness, and which unhappily seems likely to remain in its imperfection as useless and curious as a sphinx or a pyramid. Not long after, they arrived opposite Greenwich Hospital, a splendid building for a glorious purpose, with its vast area, its two cupolas, and those far-receding colonnades, leaving between them a vista which stretches to the green and varied landscape of the park, the

tufted sweeps of foliage, the ridge of pines, the lights and shadows of the steep ascent, and the antique observatory standing clearly out against the sky, with relation to which it was erected. For him these things, from their magnificent foreground to their beautiful distance, contained even more of interest than that which they must excite in every intelligent observer; for at Blackheath, in their immediate neighbourhood, during the earlier part of his exile, he enjoyed a home, and in that park, beneath those avenues of ancient chestnuts, he sometimes found consolation by wandering and conversing with a friend.

*'Twas thither in his spring of life,
Compass'd with storm and gloom,
Sad relic of a useless strife,
He fled a vengeful doom.'*

When they had doubled a sort of cape opposite Blackwall, they found themselves in a wider and more open stream. The shipping no longer thronged and jostled over the whole surface of the river; but single vessels came sweeping in quick succession, with the winds rustling in their sails, and the waters gurgling and foaming round their prows. Except when the view is marred at low tide by the banks of mud which bound the river, the prospect is extremely agreeable. On the left, meadows, green and wide, stretch from the eye till their hue melts, through the dimness of the horizon and the grey of some distant hills, into the deep blue of the sky. But few villages break the continuous extent of verdure. Lazy herds nourish their fatness on that luxuriant herbage; and the houses visible beyond are as silent and tranquil as the fields. But the landscape to the right teems with the comfortable hamlets and populous towns of Kent, and exhibits these its ornaments and jewels, growing out of the sunny slopes, or set among the wooded valleys of that chain of knolls which borders with its waving line the eastern bank of the Thames. In some places the white old tower of a village church rises from a rounded swell of foliage; and now and then the thrilling chime of its clock reached their ears amid the cooings of the air, the happy noises of herds and flocks, the tramp of horses, and the meaning articulations of men.

Near Margate the view again changes its character; and, while the shore to the left becomes an indistinct line, the other is a mere white bank, which rises some twenty feet above the water; and the Thames is a vast sea which rolled its ponderous waves, and dashed its foam against the vessel, till half the passengers were compelled to retreat from the deck.

The sun had just set, and the first stars were glimmering through the shadowy azure of the sky, while no prospect was visible through the dusk but the light-towers on the distant shores, and the whitish masses of the waves, which, like some monstrous and untamed brood of darkness, came roaring against the ship before the evening gale. He stood beside a planter from Trinidad, who was returning to France after an absence of four-and-thirty years, a rich, and seemingly a happy, man; and who was humming the stanza of the national poet:

*'How slowly moves the lagging breeze
That waits my fate across the seas;
How slow the vessel nears the strand
That circles thee, my father-land!
Beloved shore,
How oft, of yore,
I dream'd I saw the o'er the wave!
Sweep on, thou blast,
And bear me fast,
To find at once a home and grave.'*

* C'est là, qu'au printemps de ses ans,
Battu par la tempête,
Loin du fer des tyrans,
Il venait cacher sa tête.

† Qu'il va lentement le navire
A qui j'ai confié mon sort!
Au rivage où mon cœur aspire,
Qu'il est lent à trouver un port!

In the mean time, he was sunk in reflection, and all his thoughts were embracing his native France, or absorbed in the contemplation of that dim expanse and those glittering constellations. He was thinking of the years of his boyhood, and of the affection of those who had then surrounded him, and drawing with sedulous melancholy the comparison between those years and his present situation and feelings. For the cause of liberty he had torn himself from all that made existence delightful, and given up his life and heart to tumult, sorrow, and peril; for it he had exposed himself to the vengeance of exasperated tyranny, had faced the dangers of battle, and even braved the infamy of the scaffold. Success would have made him be honoured, applauded, admired. But despotism triumphed, and having escaped, as if by miracle, from the invasion of Spain, and being thrown upon a strange land, of which he knew not the language, and where he had not a relation or a friend, his days were void of enjoyment, and his nights full of disturbance. A fugitive, and wearing the livery of poverty, he was at first scarcely treated as worthy of holding intercourse with human beings. He was looked upon with contempt, addressed with dislike,—denounced by the aristocracy, whose selfish projects he had unmasked,—calumniated by the priests, whose intolerance he had exposed,—persecuted by the kings, whose tyranny he had resisted,—and every action of his life was loaded and blackened with the foulest and falsest slanders. He had described the duties of kings, therefore he was a demagogue; he had spoken of the rights of the people, therefore he was a regicide; he had declared the corruptions of the privileged orders, therefore he was a revolutionist; he had exposed the crimes of the clergy, and therefore he was an atheist. His patriotism, by the same facile alchemy, was transformed into ambition, his perseverance into obstinacy, his courage into ferocity, and his earnestness for the welfare of mankind into revengeful selfishness. He had sacrificed his property for the freedom of his country, and thereupon was called an adventurer. He had exposed his life in the cause of justice, and a condemnation to death hung over him, and weighed upon his head.

The stranger now came to demand immunity from this terrible retribution, which had been decreed against him at a time when Jesuitism and Aristocracy were omnipotent over France.

When the steam-vessel entered the port of Calais, all the passengers had again crowded upon deck to look at the throng of custom-house officers, *commissionnaires*, boatmen, and innkeepers, who were rushing upon the pier; or to wonder at the masses of transparent water, which rose and fell, and foamed around the circling wheels, and, by reflecting the lights upon the shore, presented at every moment among their bubbles the miniature likeness of a rainbow.

The anchor had been cast, and midnight sounded from the principal church of Calais, among the hoarse and eager cries of ‘ Monsieur, à l’hôtel Meurice ! ’ ‘ A l’hôtel Bourbon ! ’ ‘ Monsieur, par ici ! ’ ‘ Monsieur, par là ! ’ The stranger looked by the light of the lanthorns which were flaming among the crowd, in hopes of recognising some countenance with which he had before been acquainted. He speedily discovered one of his brothers ; and, after they had thrown themselves into each other’s arms, he left his passport with a custom-house officer, and they took their way in silence to the *Hôtel Royal*.

F

**SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.—BY A JUDGE
OF THE WEATHER.**

It is the funniest thing in the world to see the people trying to walk about, as the weather at

France adorée !
Douce contrée !
Mes yeux cent fois ont cru te découvrir
Qu'un vent rapide
Soudain nous guide
Anx bords sacrés où je reviens mourir.

moments becomes finer, after their long desuetude and want of practice. A prudent man, who carries his head in its right place, does not give way to this fantastic spirit; and, sitting in a lower chamber, he may observe, with much relish, the little *faux pas* and foolish adventures of pedestrians, grown quite off their feet by this time. You see them reeling and giddy, like skaters with a bad footing, or invalids fresh from a confinement of six weeks, whose heels to their own apprehensions seem quite circular and unfit for the purpose. Now, touching the weather, what have we to say? If human nature can continue the same after so long a violation of the common systems of existence, we give it credit for a great deal of hardness and constancy. It is pretty clear that no man in England has spent this summer exactly as he intended three months ago: there must be a good deal of bad humour afloat in consequence. One sees in the papers long paragraphs headed with the words, ‘Fashionable Arrivals.’ Fashionable arrivals in London! What can this import but a growing misanthropy and disgust for the usages of society at large? Miserable human creatures there are who have persevered through good and bad report in enjoying themselves at watering-places—as if London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark to boot, could not have served them to the full as well as Brighton and Cheltenham. It is certain that all our fates have been alike aquatic this year, and blessings on the Humane Society and its labours for the preservation of the species! It really has been quite providential that the assize time should fall upon this particular portion of 1828; for the accounts of hangings and murders served to refresh us amazingly during the long monotony of watery deaths. Another good consequence of the season has been, that the nauseous discussion of the supply of water to the metropolis is at least postponed, if not entirely abandoned. The subject, and all things appertaining to that particular element, have been avoided with as much fright as though the capital were seized by hydrophobia. A great argument, too, in favour of the Thames Tunnel has been drawn from the present state of things. It was never contemplated what we should have to do when the bridges were under water, as was lately so much to be dreaded; and the expedient of ferry-boats over Waterloo Bridge was attended with too much peril to serve as a fit remedy for this alarming evil. But, after all, the mischief in the metropolis is very slight compared with the horrible disasters entailed upon the country people in this great crisis of affairs. Their houses turned into tanks, themselves into sponges, their fields all navigable for ships of burthen, their animal food flavoured like water-melons, their small children sprouting into untimely manhood; fishing for perch in the nursery, and looking after the oyster-bed in the first floor; their little shrubs turned into coral boughs, and their big trees crystallized. O! what a grief for a country in a state of comparative civilisation! Woe unto you, Horace, for you said, ‘*Nan semper imbris!*’ Woe unto you, Pindar, for you thought that water was the best! Woe unto all but the Humane Society, whose drags, as before hinted, having been successfully placed at easy intervals along all the principal gutters and street-crossings, have alone interposed between us and our apparent destiny. It is bad enough to be run over by a fly, to be mortally upset from a cab, to be squeezed fatally at the Coburg gallery-door, or suffocated by a chimney-sweep; but drowning in a gutter is more horrid, because more ignorant.

minious, than any.
Talking as a private gentleman, (people in print are always gentlemen,) we have to lament the loss of two very efficient pairs of shoes, the fag-ends of all our trowsers, and a nearly new umbrella. We went about in oil-skin last Saturday for a freak; but, not knowing any better, the two or three persons who were walking in Oxford-street laughed stoutly, and, if at such a time men could be merry, what would they not have made of us on a sunny

morning, such as we used to witness in our childhood? The poor animals that stand before hackney-coaches look very wet through, as one peeps at them through the blind; and, as for the once-human creatures who hold the reins, they are obliged to be taken down and changed once an hour by the officers of the Police; then drained, dried, and so at last revived. It is a strange process, but interesting.

Labourers and others have no sort of excuse now-a-days for asking you to give them a pint. No man can possibly be dry, and, if he were, he can get his heavy-wet in any open space of the neighbourhood. Well, who will take a walk with me on the first of next April after our long and dreary confinement, to see what remains of Old England, and make antiquarian researches amongst the ruins of Rotherhithe, and the parts adjacent?

LETTER FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

BRUSSELS, JULY 26.

ON Sunday, July 20, was the great annual feast of Brussels, '*La Grande Kermesse*.' It was originally instituted in commemoration of some Popish miracle or other; but I have not wasted my time, or my curiosity, in investigating the story. It was absurd enough, I dare say; but, at all events, it has had the good effect of giving the inhabitants of Brussels nearly a week's holiday every year. At twelve o'clock, there was to have been a grand procession of priests, and relics, and other holy things, through the principal streets; but unfortunately the weather was rather damp, a drop of rain falling from time to time, but not enough to wet the pavement. However, it was enough to prevent the procession venturing out of doors; it merely paraded up and down the aisles of the Cathedral, to the great disappointment of the crowds who thronged round the church-porch to see it come out. I said to one of the by-standers that I thought the weather was not so bad as to prevent the procession. '*Ah, ces Mexicains-là ne se gênent pas!*' replied he in a tone of doleful resignation. 'Oh,' said another, 'do you not see that the priests are afraid of spoiling their fine clothes?' I think the man was right. He was a philosopher without knowing it, and understood the human heart. The evening was still more unfortunate; a drenching rain spoiled all the '*bals champêtres*', which were to have been held at the public-houses in the suburbs; and the public walks, generally thronged on holiday evenings, were wet, desolate, and dreary.

On Monday and Tuesday the races took place. I am not going to give you ' a list of all the running horses, with the colours of their riders,' &c. ; nor do I intend to weary you with an enumeration of all the various amusements I have seen or heard of during the week. I shall merely make one observation, which applies to them all. In some countries that I have been in, the amusement of the mass of the people, or (to use a more gentlemanly phrase) of the lower orders, is a thing that exists only by sufferance ; the great are agreed in considering it to be bad, to be productive of idleness and ill habits ; but, aware of the difficulty of suppressing it altogether, they are pleased in the abundance of their good-nature to wink at it occasionally ; and, if an eccentric genius honours it with his countenance, he piques himself upon it, as a kind of amiable weakness. Here, on the contrary, the amusement of the people is recognised and respected, and ample provision made for their comfort and accommodation. Usually every night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the church bell tolls, as a signal for all the houses of entertainment to shut their doors ; but, during the week of the Kermisses, they are allowed to remain open all night. As another instance of the attention paid to the convenience of the public, I was surprised to find, that, although the races there are of a very modern date, yet the arrangements made for the accommodation of the visitors are much better contrived than any thing of the sort I ever saw in England,—a country in which races

have been established for so many ages, and consequently enjoy all the benefit to be derived from the 'will-dom of our ancestors.' The race-ground is about two or three miles from the town, on a plain not unlike Port-Meadow at Oxford. The course itself is nearly circular; and, between it and the place assigned for those who come in carriages or on horseback, there is a space of about ten feet wide railed off for those on foot, who are thus enabled to have a good view of the races without any of the annoyance I have so often

suffered in England from being jostled about between the horses' legs, and the wheels of carriages, not to mention the caution one is obliged to take to escape being kicked or run over. Notwithstanding the doubtful appearance of the weather, the whole population of Brussels seemed to be collected to see the sport. I was told that there were 1200 carriages there. Some of them were most extraordinary vehicles. One mode of conveyance common enough here looks strange to an English eye—three in a buggy, and bodkin-driving. The crowd of spectators on foot was immense, and formed a complete ring on each side of the course. You are not anxious, I suppose, to have a long account of the races themselves, but will probably think it sufficient to be informed that the horses ran upon four legs, much the same as in England.

Mademoiselle Garnerin was to have ascended, on Sunday evening, in a balloon, but was prevented by the badness of the weather; her ascension was put off, from day to day, till Thursday; and then, the weather still continuing showery, there appeared an advertisement, not addressed 'to the nobility and gentry of Brussels and the neighbourhood,' but simply announcing that the badness of the weather rendered it necessary to postpone the ascent of the balloon, and that, as the working classes (having now returned to their labours) would lose the sight if it took place on Friday or Saturday, Mademoiselle Garnerin had fixed upon Sunday the 27th inst., in order that they might be enabled to ascend.

Every evening in the beginning of the week, there were *bals champêtre* at several of the *guinguettes*, which abound in the outskirts of the town, and answer a good deal to the tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of London. I went to one where the price of admission was fifteen cents, (about three-pence English,) for which a bottle of beer was given into the bargain. I sat down in one corner of the garden, with my bottle of *bière de Louvain*; before me, and was well amused with looking at the busy scene. Every thing was carried on with the greatest decorum, almost amounting to gravity; the people looked pleased and happy; and theirs was not the boisterous and feverish mirth of persons who enjoy a momentary escape from a life of restraint and misery: it was the calm but cheerful enjoyment of a relaxation which they felt they had a right to, and which they knew that no one wished to interfere with.

On Thursday evening, I went to a somewhat more genteel assembly, where I paid about tenpence English for my ticket of admission. The ball-room was large and commodious, and situated in a garden, where there was to have been a grand display of fireworks, if the weather had permitted it. In fact, it was a sort of little Vauxhall. At ten o'clock there were nearly a hundred persons assembled, and I was told that the dancing would probably continue till three or four o'clock in the morning. The company was certainly not dressed in the extreme of fashion; not above half the dancers sported gloves, and, as the windows had been taken out of the frames to admit a free circulation of air, most of the *beaus* danced with their hats on. Yet I have seldom seen a ball in which there reigned a greater spirit of propriety, or of politeness. I saw a respectable-looking old veteran surrounded by a family of pretty daughters: I asked one of them to dance; she told me that, if it was a waltz, she was engaged; but, as a quadrille tune was then playing, I offered her my arm, and we walked up and down the room: suddenly, however, the fiddlers struck up a waltz, and the cavalier, she was engaged to, came to claim his partner; but, on seeing that I was going to dance with her, he, in the civilest manner, and at the same time without offering the least slight to the fair lady, begged that he might not interfere with any of my engagements. However, I settled the affair to the satisfaction of all parties, by resigning him his partner for the waltz, and engaging her for the next quadrille.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket Theatre.

On Monday night a new Drama was produced, under the title of 'The Green-eyed Monster,' from the pen, as was said, of J. R. Planché, Esq. It has been variously called a Farce, a Comedy, and an Opera, by anticipation; in reality, it turned out to be a compound of the three, having just enough of humour, of politeness, and of music, to be placed under either head; or, as a fresh Cerberus, under all. The character of a jealous old German Baron is supported by Mr. Farren; his wife, Lady Speyenhause, who affects to be jealous, is represented by Mrs. Faust. The heroine is Miss F. H. Kelly, also jealous. The hero, Mr. Cooper, jealous by accident; and Sour Crout, a gar-

denier, Mr. Wilkinson, jealous by constitution and the pressure of evil circumstances. As the play-bills of yesterday declare the piece to have been received with vociferous, bursting, and convulsive applause, it would be indecent to question its merits. The plot is Legion; jealousy real is met by jealousy feigned, as in the times of antiquity; upon this, circumstances arise, which turn the false into the true passion, and so, by counterblasts and recrimination, a pretty little puzzle ensues, which is agreeably cleared up by the conversion of Mr. W. Farren into an unsuspecting husband, and two single ladies into happy wives. Farren acted without caricature or mannerism, in a very masterly, pure, and effective style. Mrs. Humby adopted some continental costume which beseeched her well, and sang a song, which was encored deservedly, to the burthen—

'Excuse this agitation
For at last, Sir, I've found out
Our mature deliberation
That I cannot marry Crout.'

One word for the music—it was shameful. The Overture, if so entitled, is a meagre air, with a poor variation; and, by a sad miscalculation, sundry patches of songs are allotted to the performers, not one of whom, save Mrs. Humby, has a note that would save a cat from suicide. We were glad to join in the hissing of one sextet, delivered by this lady, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Vining, Mr. Farren, Mr. Cooper, and Mrs. Faust.

SONG.

The pints and the pistols, the pike-staves and pottles,
The trooper's fierce shout, and the toper's bold song;
O! their's is such friendship that battles and bottles,
When going together, can never go wrong.

The wine of the vintner, the blood of the round-head,
The cavalier taps them with equal delight;
And we are the boys, for whom always abounded
Good casks for the table, good casques for the fight.

Then thus do we drink to the flag and the flagon,
The two stoutest allies the world ever saw;
For war without wine would so weakly drag on,
That none but a blockhead the bilbo would draw.

The can and the cannon sure never can bicker,
Full quarts and free quarters shall still be our cry;
One hand draws the blade, and the other the liquor,
And grapeshot is the best of all shot—when we're dry.
Drink sack, and sack cities—whet swords, and wet
gullets,

Nor blush, jolly boys, when we make it our boast,
That friends as we are both to bowls and to bullets,
We're not always fond of the charge of the host.

Who like not both swilling and killing are asses,
For Bacchus was surely the brother of Mars;
So shrink not to charge to the muzzles your glasses,
And fire off a salvo for wine-cups and wars.

BEALE AND PORTER'S PATENT FOR A NEW MODE OF COMMUNICATING HEAT.

THIS invention consists in the application to a great variety of useful purposes, of the discovery, that various bodies, the nature of which will hereafter be explained, can be used under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere as media for the conveyance and application of various degrees of temperature.

In all cases where animal or vegetable substances are exposed to the agency of heat, the importance of this discovery must be apparent, since it affords the means of applying, with the nicest precision, exactly that degree which is best adapted to each process, without the possibility of causing any injury by exceeding that degree, and without any liability to accident; all pressure being avoided by keeping up a communication between the bodies used as media and the atmosphere.

By means of this invention, the same effects will be produced as from the use of high-pressure steam, without the expense, complexity, or danger, attendant upon such mode of heating; and temperatures may be applied with the most perfect safety, at which the elastic force of steam would become too great for resistance.

The application of this principle consists in the employment of double vessels, one placed within the other, and joined together at their upper edges, so that a small intermediate space is left between their entire surfaces. A portion of the substances forming the medium for the communication of heat, sufficient to cover and protect the bottom of the outer vessel, being introduced into this space, is made to boil and give off vapour, which, coming in contact with the exterior

surface of the inner vessel, imparts heat thereto equal in degree to the boiling point of the substance, and being thus condensed, returns again in a liquid form to be again acted upon by the fire, in ceaseless evaporation and condensation. A communication, as we have before said, is kept up, between the space between the vessels and the atmosphere, by means of a tube, which likewise communicates with a condenser, so that in the event of a greater quantity of vapour being raised than can be condensed by the contents of the inner vessel, it will rise up that tube, and will there be condensed and return, so that little or no waste will occur under any circumstances.

The substances which it is proposed to use as media, have known boiling points, ranging between 200 and 700 degrees of Fahrenheit; the same substance always boiling and giving off vapour at the same degree, so that one substance may be chosen for one process, and some other substance for another process, as the skill or experience of the manufacturer may suggest as most proper. It will be plain, from this description, that, if a right medium be chosen, no mischief can result from overheating, even when the most delicate substances are acted upon. We have seen almonds, which, after being subjected, for hours, to dry distillation by this process, are perfectly free from the least appearance of burning. The principle has been applied, most advantageously, to various processes; among others, to the boiling and refining of sugar, the distillation of spirits, and the preparation of medicinal extracts.

The invention is, likewise, successfully employed in the generation of high-pressure steam; the elastic force of which, depending upon its temperature, can be regulated with the greatest certainty, even independently of all safety valves; it being evident, that no greater heat can be communicated to the water, than the natural boiling point of the medium used. The generating apparatus, being withdrawn from the direct action of the fire, can never be injured; and thus, while the most entire safety is attained, evils are avoided which have hitherto attended the use of all other capillary apparatus; viz. overheating the steam, or (in the possible temporary absence of water) burning the apparatus.

As it will thus be practicable to use steam at very high elasticities, the most important economy will result from the invention. We have seen an engine at work, to which the apparatus has been attached, for more than six months, and which has been constantly and usefully employed during that time, realising a very great saving in fuel, as compared with engines of similar power, worked according to the usual method.

NAPOLEON EMPEREUR.

THERE is a little child, of three years old, now being exhibited at the Royal Bazaar in Oxford-street, with this motto, as it is said, traced indistinguishably on its eye-balls. Those who are accustomed to ancient coins, aver that they can distinguish these words on the ball of the right eye, and also on that of the left, but in a reversed order. Some, to whom a full revelation is not given, are yet able to discern the consonants of each syllable, while others have a glimpse of the vowels. For ourselves, we got as far as the down-stroke of the first N, and thought that we were then sufficiently illuminated; but not so a man of more curious temperament in the room at the same time, who, either from philosophy or politeness to the French showwoman, determined to unravel the whole, and was proceeding to spell each letter of the word, Napoleon, when, to his consternation, he was informed that he had lighted upon the wrong eye! Though the name, Josephine, was probably an after-thought of the mother's, yet 'tis pretty plain that the child herself has Napoleon in her eye. We have 'ocular proof' of that; and, when we couple this prodigy with the tale at present afloat respecting the magnificence of young Napoleon,* we cannot but shrug our shoulders, and say Mum, as touching the future destiny of this sublunary world!

Many of the sceptics of this generation, O ye of little faith! have imagined that this phenomenon has been caused by human means—dyes, drugs, or sorcery. Now, we are expressly told in the bills, that 'this extraordinary child of Nature has been examined by many of the medical and scientific men of Paris, who have certified it to be one of the most singular and astonishing freaks of Nature ever before met with.' This portentous infant, then, is both the freak and the child of nature. A double relationship like this cannot be thought nothing of.

* When the young Duke had completed his half-yearly studies, the other day with much success, he was informed by his grandfather that he should enter the army within a year; whereupon he exclaimed, with a burst of heroic phrenzy, 'Thank God! then my fate is fixed.'

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR.—In an article entitled, ‘*On the Deficiencies of the British Museum*,’ which appeared in your excellent Journal, it is said that the Library does not contain a single copy of the works of Buffon. I am happy in having it in my power to state that this is incorrect. I have myself consulted two editions of that work, the one in quarto, the other in 12mo., which formed a part of the library of the celebrated Ginguené, which has been incorporated into that of the British Museum. I avail myself of this opportunity of suggesting to Mr. Ellis the propriety of completing several academic collections, particularly that of the Académie des Sciences de Paris, and those of the Academies of Berlin, St. Petersburgh, Turin, &c., of which several volumes are wanting, a defect of which I have myself felt the inconvenience.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter from the Translator of the *Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim*, is omitted this week in consequence of a press of matter. It will be inserted in our next Number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that ‘*The Amulet*’ for the year 1829 will be published early in November, with attractions, both literary and pictorial, greatly exceeding either of its predecessors, and will contain articles from a number of the most distinguished writers of the age, among whom are many who have not heretofore contributed either to this work or to those of a similar character.

We understand ‘*The Juvenile Forget Me Not*’ for the year 1829, is in a state of considerable forwardness. It will contain a Number of Engravings on Steel, and several exquisite Wood Cuts. Its principal feature of attraction in this department will be an Engraving by Thompson, from Behnes’ Bust of Her Royal Highness the Princess Vittoria.—The literary portion of the Volume is formed of the Contributions of Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, James Montgomery, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Holford, Allan Cunningham, &c.

Anavo. Volume, 1, entitled *MEDICAL Essays on Fever, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Heart*, &c. &c. By John Brown, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c., is in the press.

In the press, Two Letters in Reply to the Bishop of Salisbury, on 1. John, v. 7, by the Rev. J. Oxley, Curate of Stonegrave.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Lindsey’s Old Testament, 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.
Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner, 1 vol., 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Godwin’s Thoughts on Scripture, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Raikes’s Sermons, 8vo., 9s.
Wards of London, 1 vol., 9s.
Harrison’s English Vocabulary and Pronouncing Instructor, 1s. 6d.
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Watson’s English Reader, 6d.
Mourning of the Life, Writings, &c., of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D., &c., by the Rev. William Field, vol. 2, 8vo., 14s.
The Bride, a Drama, in three acts, 4s. 6d.
Jones’s Sheridan, new edition, 3s. 6d.
The Little Grammarian, by the Rev. W. Fletcher, of Cambridge, with plates, 18mo., 3s.
Adventures of Congo, third edition, 18mo., 3s.
The Child’s Duty, dedicated by a Mother to her Children, 19mo., 2s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	August.	Therm.	Barom.	Wind.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon.	11	66°	37°	29. 04	S.W.W.	Rainy.
Tues.	12	64	56	29. 55	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Wed.	13	65	62	29. 60	E. high.	Sh. P.M.
Thur.	14	64	54	29. 35	E. ditto.	Rainy.
Frid.	15	55	53	29. 60	NE to W	Rain.
Satur.	16	53	60	29. 71	Fair. CL.	Cirrostratus.
Sun.	17	67	62	29. 71	Fair.	Cloud.

Rainy during night on Monday and Wednesday.
Mornings fair except on Thursday. Thunder P.M. on Tuesday.
Highest temperature at noon, 69°. N. asp.
Astronomical Observations.
Mercury at his greatest elongation on Tuesday.
Venus and Saturn in conjunction on Wednesday.
The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Sunday at 5 h. a.m.
Mars’ geocentric long. on Sunday, at 3° 56' in Capricorn.
Jupiter’s ditto ditto 7° 35' in Scorpio.
Sun’s ditto ditto

Length of day on Sunday, 14 h. 28 min. Day decreased, 2h. 6m.
Sun’s hor. motion on ditto 2° 24' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .005234.

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